

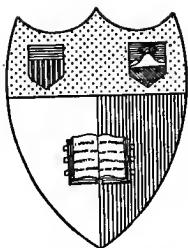
AMERICA IN 1876

AND

ASPECTS OF AMERICAN LIFE

—

JOHN LENG



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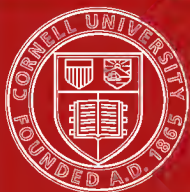
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A M E R I C A .

AMERICA IN 1876.

PENCILLINGS DURING A TOUR

IN THE

Centennial Year :

WITH A

CHAPTER ON THE ASPECTS OF AMERICAN LIFE.

BY JOHN LENG,

Editor of the Dundee Advertiser.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED AT THE
DUNDEE ADVERTISER OFFICE.

1877.

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DEDICATED

TO

THE MANY KIND FRIENDS

WHO ASSISTED IN MAKING HIS VISIT

TO THE

UNITED STATES AND CANADA

FULL OF PLEASANT RECOLLECTIONS,

By the Author.

N O T E.

The following Notes of a Tour in America, during the Centennial year, were published to a considerable extent in the *Dundee Advertiser*, as letters, under the heading, "Across the Atlantic." The Author had no intention of issuing them in this form until requested by so many friends that refusal would have seemed more conceited than compliance. Numerous engagements have prevented any careful revision of the original letters, which were almost all pencilled in memorandum books on board of steamboats and in railway trains. This much of explanation may be permitted to account for what he fears will be too frequently discovered—the evidences of hasty composition.

The Writer's aim was to enable the reader to see through his eyes as much as possible of the Cities, States, Scenery, and Institutions of the United States and Canada without any obliquity or discolouration of views by bias or prejudice. He will not regret if the result is to produce a desire on the part of others to follow his footsteps, and check his experiences by their own.

AMERICA IN 1876.



LIVERPOOL TO NEW YORK.

“LIFE on the ocean wave,” as passed on board a first-class steamer on the great steam ferry between Liverpool and New York, may be best understood by conceiving a first-class hotel made to float, and propelled through the water by steam engines and screw at the rate of from 300 to 400 miles a day. It is like a hydropathic establishment shipped off to sea without any change of inmates for ten days, and with beer, brandy, and cigars *ad libitum*. Different from most hydropathic institutions, the living is too luxurious—two very heavy meals, breakfast and dinner, with a light intermediate lunch, which alone is about equal to two ordinary dinners. Then there are all manner of diversions for the lively, of associates for the companionable, and of books for the studious. Unless a man is very dull or very sick, time will not hang on his hands. I am glad to say that I have been

neither sick nor dull, and generally surprised how short the days and quick the passage have seemed.

I selected a White Star liner, partly for speed, but chiefly on account of the good sense of the builders in abandoning the old-fashioned arrangement of placing the cabin and berths in the stern, abaft the engines and over the screw—an arrangement which converts the ship into a factory of sickness, by subjecting the passengers to the greatest motion, the worst smells, and the most excruciating dins. The White Star has been to other steam packet lines what the Midland has been to other English railways—the great innovator and improver, with the result that I have been hearing all the way over from experienced travellers of the numerous points of comfort in which our ship excels others in which they have crossed previously. The main advantage is the position of the saloon in midships, ahead of the cooking galley and the engines, so that none of the odours, or rather mal-odours, of the cook-house and the engine-room enter the cabin. Then there are a number of staterooms before the saloon—still further removed from the screw—and the ship is of such length, and the engines work with such extra-

ordinary smoothness, that in our vessel, the Celtic, we sometimes could hear neither the one nor the other, and appeared to be in a sailing vessel. The saloon itself, in all respects except height, compares favourably with the dining-rooms of the best London hotels. Upwards of 50 feet long and 40 feet in width, it admits of four large tables, seating comfortably 140 persons at each meal. It is lighted by twenty-four uncommonly large ports—twelve on each side—has a large library, a pianoforte, two marble mantelpieces, and numerous mirrors; but chiefly surpasses in what is the weakest point in most cabins—ventilation—currents of fresh air always passing through the doors at each end, and upwards through two ventilating shafts. In the same way the staterooms and bed cabins are superbly ventilated. The wooden partitions are not carried up to the top, but kept nearly a foot below the ceiling, and from all the passages air-shafts are carried to large funnels above, thus causing a continual circulation of fresh air day and night in all weathers. This system prevents you being saluted when you go below by that abominable “smell of the ship,” which commonly turns the stomach of the passenger long before any storm arises. As showing how much comfort

and convenience are studied, I may add that each state cabin has its electric bell ready to summon steward or stewardess. There is a barber's shop, with all hairbrushing and shampooing appliances. There are several bath-rooms. The ladies have their own boudoir, and the gentlemen their smoking-room, airy and luxuriously fitted. There is a nursery for children, and separate rooms for both male and female servants; while electricity, steam, and water are conveyed by their several veins and arteries all over the ship. Nothing, in fact, seems to be lacking that ingenuity can devise, and while the accommodation is spacious, not an inch of room is wasted.

Soon after the passengers were carried on board in a large tender and their luggage in another, the anchor was heaved noiselessly by a steam windlass, and the engines going dead slow, our voyage began, the ship gliding away while most of the passengers were unconscious of motion. The appearance of Liverpool with its crowded docks, and of the Mersey with its numerous ocean steamers anchored in the stream, gave one a farewell impression of the magnitude of the English shipping interest; and in steaming down the river with two other large steam-

boats and meeting a small fleet of sailing vessels coming up the river, one cannot but commend the Mersey Trust for the splendid manner in which by floating lights and lighthouses on shore the river is lighted almost like a street. The system of buoys is also a good example for the Conservators of the Tay, both the size of the buoys and their different shapes making it impossible for pilots and masters to mistake which side of the river a vessel is upon. Although our steamer is 450 feet in length—a walk six times up and down her deck being a mile—she is steered as easily as a yacht. The wheel is at least 250 feet from the rudder; but is moved almost by the touch of a finger, the power being supplied by steam. The signals from the bridge to the engine-room are all given by electricity. Everywhere on board we see the practical utility of science. Its latest development has been the construction of a huge meat safe on board for bringing over 100 tons of American beef every passage from New York. The Celtic brought this quantity on her last trip, and delivered it in perfect order in the middle of summer, so that there need be no fear for the winter supply. This safe is coated all round with zinc, and the meat is hung all through

it from hooks ; a small steam-engine above works a fan which causes a continual circulation of fresh air. There are now eight steamers weekly between America and England, so that if each brought 100 tons there would be 800 tons of beef added to the supply of the English market. Were each vessel to bring 200 tons, the total of 1600 tons would considerably modify the price, as it can be brought over for somewhat less than $\frac{1}{2}$ d per lb. freight. There seems no reason why good American beef should not be sold in the English market at about 8d per lb.

Writing of the preservation of beef, one of the most surprising things on board one of these steamers is the freshness of all the provisions throughout the voyage. I am writing when we are on the Banks of Newfoundland, and yet everything—including butter, eggs, fruit, and vegetables—tastes as fresh as if it had just come from the market. The abundance, the superabundance, and the embarrassing variety of good things—all as good as can be got at the best Hotel on shore—are astonishing. There are hot rolls and cakes fresh from the oven every morning—hot rolls in the English, and corn bread, hominy, and rice cakes in the American styles. The cooking altogether is nearly perfect, and

the service by the waiters most attentive and accommodating. As certifying that there is no danger of starving on board these ships, I send you one or two of our Bills of Fare.*

At eight o'clock in the morning the warning bell rings for breakfast, which begins punctually at half-past ; lunch is at one, and dinner at six o'clock. In the intervals, "wind and weather permitting," the majority of the passengers sit or promenade on the upper deck, where time goes rapidly in making up sweepstakes on the speed of the ship, which are settled at mid-day,

* BREAKFAST.

Beef Steak and Onions. Hashed Calves' Head.
 Liver and Bacon. Broiled Ham and Eggs.
 Omelettes and Mutton Chops. Findon Haddies.
 Fried Fresh Fish. Grilled Sausages. Rice Cakes.
 Devilled Bones. Corn Bread. Porridge.
 Digby Herrings. Irish Stew.
 Mashed, Chopped, and Jacket Potatoes.

DINNER.

SOUPS.
 Pea and Gibleet.
 FISH.
 Haddock and Anchovy Sauce.
 ENTREES.
 Veal Cutlets a la Zingara. L'Amour en Masque.
 Ox Tail a la Jardiniere. Curried Mutton and Rice.
 ROAST.
 Ribs of Beef and Potatoes. Leg of Mutton and Onion Sauce.
 Loin of Pork and Apple Sauce. Ducks and Green Peas.
 Spring Chicken and Bread Sauce. Ox Head Forced.
 BOILED.
 Rabbits and Bacon. Turkey and Oyster Sauce.
 Pork and Beans Baked.
 COLD.
 Ham and Tongue.
 VEGETABLES.
 Parsnips. Green Peas. Mashed and Boiled Potatoes.
 PASTRY.

when the speed is posted up, and marked down on the pocket charts ; in watching passing vessels ; playing at rope quoits ; or helping the youngsters to fly kites. The deck presents a succession of human dissolving views, which scarcely ever remain two minutes alike. There is the neat, close-shaven, silent, solitary man, who always paces the deck alone, speaking to nobody, nobody speaking to him ; the loud-talking youth, whose voice is heard wherever you go ; the broad-set, phlegmatic person, who waddles slowly along ; the dark Canadian, always dolefully ruminating over his bilious condition ; the stout lady, who seems to live and sleep stretched out on her easy-chair ; the doting young husband who never leaves the side of his wife ; the gallant young gentleman who makes himself agreeable to all the young ladies in turn ; half-a-dozen ladies in miscellaneous wraps, who seem to be reading through all the novels in the ship ; the man with the red smoking cap, the man with the green smoking cap, and the man with the blue smoking cap ; the handsome Captain, who smokes his cigar with the style of an Admiral ; the old Scotchman, whose features bespeak his early acquaintance with oatmeal porridge ; the placid Missourian

lawyer, full of law, science, and statistics, whose grandparents were German and English on one side and Welsh and Scoto-Irish on the other ; the complacent Doctor from Tennessee, born in Hungary, who has just been visiting his native country but does not like it ; the smart mulatto and the negress, with her anxious smiling face, whose lips and nose remind one of Pio Nono's greeting to a black Bishop : " My brother, how ugly you are ;" the little fat boy riding in a chair converted by his sister into a miniature carriage, in which she sometimes airs her doll ; and the sudden racing, laughing, and shouting of children all round the ship. After being several days at sea some people come on deck who were previously unseen, and who appear to have been passing their time like Jonah in the whale's belly.

In crossing the Atlantic we have experienced a little of several kinds of weather. We began with the wind right ahead, continuing for three days, and ending in a close approach to a gale ; then we had an exceedingly fine day and lovely moonlight night ; then twenty-four hours of fog, the steam horn bellowing sometimes every half-minute like a gigantic sea-cow in distress, and with the excitement of passing very closely, in

the thickest of the fog, a large ship, which was also blowing her horn ; then suddenly passing from the fog into the clearest moonlight again, and approaching the western coast with a foresight of the unclouded American sky.

The nights to a sound sleeper like myself as we go west have a novel charm—the clock is put back half-an-hour at midnight, and thus we gain nearly five hours extra sleep during the passage. I love the lullaby of the waves, which sound like the rustling of the leaves of a mighty forest, and although the glimpse of the moonlight through the port window tempts to wakefulness, it is pleasant to slumber to the music of the ocean, varied only by the sound of the boatswain's pipe, the distant singing of the sailors as they hoist the sails to catch a favouring breeze, the half-hourly ringing of the ship's bells, and the answer of the man on the watch that "All's well." The "shandy" man who leads the singing of the sailors when they go round in a gang washing the decks commonly improvises a song on passing events. After each couplet the gang join in a plaintive kind of chorus, reminding me of songs I have heard sung by the monks at night in Italy.

On the last night before sighting the Western

Continent, the steward and cook surpassed their former achievements in the way of dinner, and there was great fun and hilarity afterwards. Next morning all were early astir to get the first sight of land. It was lovely weather, and crowds of coasting vessels, yachts, fishing and pilot boats betokened our approach to a civilised country. At a distance the coast of New Jersey looks like a well-wooded part of England; but on approaching it we see that the trees are pines of natural growth. The villas are all very trimly kept, and what first strikes one is the settled, established appearance of everything. Clifton, off which we anchor a short time for the Health Officer's inspection, has a handsome church, with steeple and spire, and the tolling of the bell has quite a Sabbath sound. Nestling among trees all along the rising ground on both sides of the Narrows are charmingly situated residences. A slight haze somewhat intercepts the view of New York, but we pass numerous excursion steamers gaily draped with flags—that of the United States being generally of enormous size—while some are dressed out with smaller banners all round the bulwarks. One or two of the sea-going steamers are very stately—with two or three tiers of saloons, the beam engine working

in the centre, the steering wheel far forward, bands of music playing under cover, and large crowds of passengers on the decks. We next descry what appear two huge steeples, something like the Victoria Tower at Westminster, and learn that these are the piers of the Brooklyn Suspension Bridge, which is to have a span of 1600 feet. The steeples and spires of Brooklyn and then those of New York come into view; amongst the loftiest, largest, and most conspicuous buildings are the *Herald* and *Tribune* newspaper offices, indicating the position which the press has acquired in the States. We now glide past the wharves of numerous Atlantic Shipping Companies—British, French, German, &c., till at last we sight our own and the Cunard landing-places. The accommodation is the best I have anywhere seen. Enormous steamers of from 3000 to 5000 tons steam direct into their own docks, and the wharves are completely covered by sheds which will hold their entire cargoes. Happily for us a friend is awaiting our arrival, who relieves us of all anxiety about baggage and conveyance to the hotel. There is an arrangement in New York by which as soon as a steamer is sighted at Sandy Hook telegraphic messages are sent out to persons in New York having

friends on board informing them when she may be expected at the quay. I am now quartered at the Windsor, a very handsome hotel, of which more hereafter. The "heated term" is passing away, and as I am strongly advised to see the Centennial Exhibition now, rather than, as I had intended, in October—when it is expected there will be the greatest crowds in Philadelphia—I have resolved to proceed there before starting for Canada and the West.

THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION AT PHILADELPHIA.

I have had some "dissolving views" of the great Centennial, for I was nearly dissolved by the heat while taking them. They say in Philadelphia that it was much hotter a month or even a fortnight earlier, and that then they had a "hot spell," in comparison with which this is comparatively cool. And I can believe it, for although there is a blazing sun there are a few clouds in the sky, and there is a pleasant breeze. Still, it is the heat of Madrid rather than of London, and one is compelled at considerable risk to be continually eating iced creams and drinking "arctic waters."

As there are so many millions in America who have not seen our great European Exhibitions, it was well to show them a large collection of the world's products, and for them to show Europeans the largest that has ever been brought together of their own—of the productions and manufactures of the Western hemisphere. As a great Exhibition—a World's Fair—however, it cannot be compared either in the grandeur of its buildings or the multitude and variety of its

contents with our Exhibitions in London, Paris, and Vienna. Young Jonathan has done wonderfully well for a beginning; but "the Centennial," as everybody calls it here, demonstrates that he is still young. The Vienna Exhibition was the finest and most truly cosmopolitan I have seen. The very best things which each European, and especially each Oriental country could send were sent there. The beauty, the number, and the arrangement of the articles is not likely soon to be surpassed; and curiously the very poorest show was made by the Americans. Here all is reversed. The Americans, as might be expected, are in great force, and European countries relatively very small. Whether on account of the Protectionist tariff, or because of the depression of trade, and the great trouble and expense, it is obvious that large numbers of the first-class manufacturers in Europe have not sent anything to the Centennial. One thing does great credit to Jonathan—as a rule he has courteously given the best positions to foreign exhibitors, and he has greatly benefited by the criticisms made at Vienna on the flaring, gaudy colours with which most of his goods were there painted. Dazzling yellows and flaring crimsons were then

his favourite decorations ; now he has adopted softer hues, and seems with his wonted speed to have made in three or four years half-a-century's progress in taste.

Entering the Main Building—which has no great Dome, nor “Brompton boiler” characteristics, and which is rather low for its length—we are first struck by the interesting displays of China and Japan. The large business relations of those countries with the west coast States have doubtless induced a special effort on their part, and old China has endeavoured not to be cast into the shade by renovated Japan. Those who delight in “curios” might spend days in examining all the wealth of vases, bowls, bronzes, caddies, and carved work, especially carved furniture ; while the ladies may regale their eyes on the most charming of silks, shawls, and embroideries. Some of the dark carved furniture is exquisite. One large screen, in which the carved frames are filled with artistic work on gold, is in excellent taste, and suitable for almost any house. Japan sends two vases about ten feet high, and the price of which is £1000. There are a number of saucer dishes fully a yard in width, and for which fifty guineas each is asked. I fancy, however, that I see a degeneracy in the

merit of many of these curios, resulting from hasty manufacture of new articles to supply the large demand for the European and American markets. It is now becoming fashionable to fit up a Chinese or Japanese drawing-room or boudoir in great houses, and the taste of the porcelain, bronze, and ivory workers in China and Japan is likely to be affected by the demand to supply articles wholesale seldom previously duplicated.

Our own Colonies are very strongly represented—especially those in Australia, where the American element is considerable. Victoria and New South Wales occupy a large space, and occupy it well, and the other southern Colonies are in proportion. I see here large maps and views of Melbourne and Sydney—two cities, especially the latter, rivalling the finest in Europe and America in beauty of situation and tasteful erection and planting. The natural productions in gold—of which we have the usual pyramids, obelisks, and blocks, showing how much has been exported to the present year—in coal, in wool, in fruit, and in wines, illustrate the wealth which exists there on and in the earth. It is obvious, also, that the manufacturing spirit has taken possession of

them. Geelong sends tweeds in a great variety of patterns, and many other cloths undistinguishable from those made in our own country. The Australian cabinetmakers exhibit some very neat and well-made furniture in Australian woods, and a Melbourne confectioner has some cases of confectionery put up with a degree of taste of which Messrs Keiller themselves would not be ashamed. The greatest and most varied show of all the Colonies is made by Canada. The Dominion has clearly resolved not to hide a diminished head in the presence of its immediate neighbours. Speaking generally, there is in the Canadian "exhibits" all the solidity of British with much of the contrivance and adaptability of American work—a combination of the best European and Western qualities.

Intelligent landed proprietors, farmers, or gardeners are the men who will most enjoy this Exhibition. It is really wonderful to see in the Agricultural Department, and more especially in the American portion of it, the glorious bountifulness of Providence, and the almost magical ingenuity of man. The States that figure their prolific condition by the most wonderful specimens of their produce and inventiveness are Illinois, Iowa, Indiana, New Hampshire, California, and

Oregon—especially the two first and last. Illinois and Iowa seem to be modern Goshens, abounding in corn, cattle, and timber. The specimens of wheat and corn of all kinds sent from Chicago tell of rare combinations of sunshine and soil, resulting in innumerable specimens of the finest wheat, maize, oats, rye, and barley. The rules governing the inspection of grain in the City of Chicago, which accompany these specimens, show that care is taken to uphold the qualities. Speaking of soil, I was taking a note of what at first seemed a large number of curling stones, when on further inspection they turned out to be glass globes containing specimens of all the varieties of soil in Illinois, ranging from the blackest mould to the whitest clay. There are also many specimens of coal, bricks, and terracotta, innumerable samples of grasses, preserved fruits, and pickles. Iowa and Indiana, although not so mighty, are almost as multifarious in their products, and Indiana magnifies her merits on two boards of statistics, relating her growth and advantages, one of which is that her indebtedness is only 5 cents per acre. New Hampshire glories in her bacon, and has two representative stuffed Chester white hogs about the size of the largest

polar bears. One of them was slaughtered last February, at the age of 19 months, its weight being 1253 pounds, and its epitaph states that it gained 100 lbs. per month live weight for eight months. So far as curing is concerned, Cincinnati bears the palm in the handsome way in which she cures, barrels, and brands her "Banner Hams" and shoulders and sides of bacon. The Central Pacific Railroad Company illustrates all the attractions of California in Pacific Coast productions, amongst which wine of all kinds is very conspicuous, and sends a series of views of the scenery similar to those exhibited at Vienna. Although not the most extensive, in some respects the most striking State Exhibition is that from Oregon. Here are sections of a great variety of trees of wonderful dimensions, one of a red cedar, which was 67 feet in circumference, and 325 feet high ; samples of corn rivalling, if not surpassing, those from Illinois ; and of dried fruits and preserved salmon beyond anything seen elsewhere. Plummer's Patent Fruit Dryer is an Oregon invention for extracting all the moisture from fruit without impairing the flavour. If I get as far as Oregon I intend to see it, and also the processes for "canning" salmon in operation. From the

stuffed specimens, Oregon seems to excel as much in the animal as in the vegetable kingdom, there being some beautiful heads and skins of deer, elk, sheep, beaver, eagles, &c.

The greatest novelty and the most useful recent invention I saw in the Exhibition was a patent reaper and binder, which, in addition to the ordinary reaper, binds the corn as it is cut into sheaves, and ties the sheaves round in three places with wire. It attracts crowds of agriculturists, who express themselves loudly in its favour. The makers are at Auburn, New Jersey. The Americans have long been famed for their agricultural implements, and every one who sees this Exhibition must admire the "knackiness," compactness, and neatness of their innumerable inventions. Abounding in material, they never make a clumsy use of it, but endeavour to use just as much and no more than is required for the work to be done. Their barrels and buckets, their boxes and cans, are models of lightness, tightness, and strength combined. Living in a land where everything that grows is not only abundant, but superabundant, yet where the climate is not favourable to keeping, their attention has been much directed to the best artificial means of food preservation, and the result is that preserved

meats, fish, fruits, butter, cheese, and milk, either in barrels or in tin cases or glass bottles, are conspicuous. They are thus labouring towards the desirable end of making less favoured countries enjoy at reasonable prices the good things of which they grow far more than they can possibly consume. It seems to me that a people whose country possesses such a wealth of natural resources would be far wiser to devote themselves to the development of that natural wealth—a princely and patriarchal occupation—than to aim at rivalling the older European countries in many manufactures which we know from experience are adverse rather than favourable to the physical health and the domestic welfare of those engaged in them. If scarcely any of our Colonies, however, see this, need we be surprised that the Americans do not recognise it?

In the Machinery Hall I am sorry to say that, next to Corliss's magnificent steam-engine, which is the central power driving all the working machinery exhibited, the most striking objects are Krupp's enormous guns—which seem as if made to take part in the battle of Armageddon, and Sir John Brown & Co.'s 14-inch armour plating, which we should think impregnable, if

we did not see Krupp's cannon a short distance away from it. Another prodigious but more peaceful specimen of cast-iron is a pipe for the Croton aqueduct, six feet in diameter. An American peculiarity, arising from the prevalence of wooden buildings and Volunteer Fire Brigades, is the pride taken in the finishing of the fire-engines. Some of those here are completed with gilding, silver-plating, and glass—more like drawing-room ornaments than machines for extinguishing fires. The vast development of railways over a great country has also led to special excellence in the construction of locomotives and railway carriages, in the latter of which particularly the Americans have long been, and still are greatly ahead of us. The ordinary cars here in which the poorest man or woman rides are in some points far better than our first-class carriages were until lately. Pullman Cars are beginning to be known in England, although, when I left it, one had never reached Dundee. In this, as well as in many other things, a few days spent in America would take the conceit out of many Englishmen who foolishly suppose that everything is better in England than anywhere else.

The Art Gallery erected by the city of

Philadelphia for the purpose of commemorating the Exhibition is the finest of all the buildings, but its contents are not equal to their shrine. A young country as yet, America has only begun to raise a school of artists, and it will probably take some generations for her to reach the first rank in this direction. Here, however, is a very handsome and spacious temple ready to receive the works of American genius. I was more interested by the collection of photographs than of oil and water colour paintings. A country that possesses the Yosemite Valley and the Great Divide affords grand opportunities to the artistic photographer, and some of them have been turned to good account by the Americans, although their manipulation does not seem so perfect as that of the Italians and Germans, whose views of Venice, the Tyrol, and Switzerland are of surpassing excellence. I was glad to see some striking views on Deeside and Loch Katrine assigned a good position, with the name of Mr Valentine, Dundee, attached to them.

Speaking of Dundee, I must confess that, as what our manufacturers have sent has been already mentioned in the *Advertiser*, I did not go near the Linen Department, as I felt much like a New York critic, who, alluding to one of

the actresses in "Sardanapalus" the other day, very neatly said he wished to have described her dress, but could not as there was so little of it. Perhaps when the next Centennial Exhibition is held the Dundee of 1976 will take a more important place in it. Nevertheless, it must not be supposed that Dundee has sulked more than many other places, for so far as British manufacturers are concerned sulking has been the rule, and not the exception. It is not a British but an American Exhibition.

NEW YORK TO MONTREAL.

Although I have spent some days in New York, and am becoming familiar with the external aspects of the city, I wish to see it more thoroughly before attempting to give my impressions of it, and shall therefore reserve till my return such notes as I have made respecting it, merely remarking that it far surpasses my anticipations, both in its magnitude and activity. I expect when I revisit it later on to have still better opportunities than I have enjoyed of becoming conversant with its leading men and institutions. I have the advantage of being accompanied by a gentleman not only long resident in New York, but also intimately acquainted with Canada and the North West, to whom I am indebted for being guided without any trouble or anxiety to myself to whatever is best worth seeing.

We started on a lovely morning up the far-famed Hudson River—a broad and mighty stream, which for forty miles is walled off to the west by a lofty mountain dyke higher than Kinnoull Hill, and as steep in its declivity,

while a gentler slope on the eastern side is made gay by innumerable villas and homesteads, having all the appearance of joyous plenty. At the Tapan Zee the river widens out to an expansive lake, and above Peekskill the scenery becomes more wildly broken, reminding us of our Western Highland Lochs. It is a mixture of the Clyde, the Elbe, the Rhine, and the Danube—there are the expanse of the Lower Elbe, the ruggedness of the Clyde, the vegetation of the Rhine, and the foliage of the Danube. The long-continued line of palisades—a high trap-dyke of perpendicular strata—is very impressive. The long, white, passenger steamers, some ascending from, and some descending to, New York, with their flags flying and bands of music on board; the tugs towing long rafts and trains of barges—and it is worthy of note that all the steamers burning wood or anthracite coal are free from smoke; the fishing and pleasure boats, with their white sails reflected in the quiet water; the numerous large depots where ice is collected and stored by thousands of tons in the winter to cool down the thirsty New Yorkers in summer; the villages and towns on the banks, some of them having buildings of imposing extent and picturesque form—these

present a continual succession of charming views, exciting pleasurable interest hour after hour. Nearly 100 miles above New York we reach the Catskill Range, and but for the growing heat of the day we should have been tempted to ascend them. As we pass along from point to point we are reminded how soon a region like this becomes endowed with human and historical interest. It is only a little more than two centuries and a half since Henry Hudson discovered and explored this noble river, and yet already there is scarcely a foot of the ground which has not its curious legend or its thrilling story. What Sir Walter Scott has done for Scotland, Washington Irving did for the neighbourhood of the Hudson River, on the banks of which he long resided, collecting its traditions, and gilding them by the rays of his genius. Cooper, too, has placed the scenes of several of his romances on the ground between New York and Canada. The highway between the Hudson and the St. Lawrence by Lake George and Lake Champlain necessarily became the scene of some of the most important struggles between the first settlers and the Indians, and then between the British and the French, and latterly between the Imperial and the Revolutionary forces.

Thus we find legendary, romantic, or historical narratives regarding every hill, pass, stream, or village, just as up the Rhine or the Danube, or on the Tweed, or Loch Katrine, or in the Pass of Killiecrankie. We pass a manor house where George Washington made love and was rejected, and another where he arranged terms with the British for the evacuation of New York ; another where Major Andre was executed ; another where Washington Irving peacefully ended his days ; a fourth where Horace Greeley was wont to retire from his editorial den. There are many scenes of courage and daring which will for ever excite the pride now of the British or now of the American people, while both can afford to be told of them without any vindictive feeling. Westpoint, where the American Military College is placed, has been selected with rare regard to beauty of situation, and the young cadet must indeed be impassive who is not inspired by love of such a country. Higher up we pass Newburgh, so named on account of the resemblance of its situation to Newburgh on the Tay, but which has far outstripped its older namesake, having between 17,000 and 18,000 inhabitants, and more than 20 churches. The American Newburgh is famous for the skill of its people in

ice-boat sailing. It is said that with a good breeze their ice-boats will keep up with the railway trains, and also that they sail wonderfully near the wind. It were wearisome to allude to every locality of interest on this magnificent river, but we must mention Albany, the capital of the State of New York, a very thriving town, having 80,000 inhabitants, between 60 and 70 churches, fifteen banks, and eight newspapers. Every now and again we come to large towns, having imposing edifices, and a very flourishing appearance, the importance of which is little known beyond the States. Albany is one of these, and Troy, at no great distance from it, is another—the two together having nearly 150,000 of population. Whoever, indeed, has an eye to see and an ear to hear will not be disappointed, but will be deeply interested and gratified by the ascent of the Hudson River.

I was rather disinclined to visit Saratoga, as it was a little off our route, and as I care very little for watering-places; but it would be a pity for anyone who ascends the Hudson not to see the most extraordinary watering-place he is ever likely to visit. In Saratoga the Hotel Life of the United States reaches its height. The

centre of the town is filled with hotels, the magnitude and magnificence of which exceed anything on the continent of Europe. There are four—Congress Hall, the Grand Union, the Grand, and the United States—which accommodate above a thousand guests each. We spent a few hours at the United States, which has 1100 rooms—our own being numbered 707. It is built round an enormous quadrangle, which is planted within, and kept cool and alcove-like on the hottest days. Several hundreds of guests, waited upon by a large bodyguard of negro waiters, were seated in parties at separate tables taking their dinners when we entered the dining-room. The Babel of tongues was something to remember. Then the extent and the luxuriousness of the drawing-rooms, with their innumerable mirrors, couches, settees, frescoes, &c., in which gold, marble, satin, silk, abound, as we never saw them abound before, are simply indescribable. This hotel alone cost about a quarter of a million sterling, and we were shown through several others on a similar scale and in corresponding styles. Huge as these establishments are they appeared to be crowded with people, most of whom were dressed in the height of fashion. We were introduced to some

young ladies, who early in the afternoon were clothed in the lightest of Parisian silks. The heat was so great that the lightness did not seem unbecoming, but such dresses are never seen in the old country, except for bridals or balls. August is the fashionable season at Saratoga, so that we were lucky in seeing the place at its best. The professed attraction, of course, is the springs, which are both various and valuable in their medicinal character. One we tasted seemed an excellent natural soda-water, with a slightly saline taste. All the springs are "tubbed," and you can descend into the "tubs" and see the water bubbling up in large quantities. In connection with each of the springs is a bottling establishment, and at these millions of bottles of the different waters are bottled for use all over the continent. Many of the springs are surrounded by gardens and alcoves, in which bands of music frequently play. The gardens are gaily illuminated at night, when they present quite a fairy scene. Besides the hotels, many wealthy people have what are called cottages, but which are really handsome villas, and as many as 3000 private carriages are kept in the place—the style most in use being quite up to that of Rotten Row. While the ladies come here for

pleasure, Saratoga is said to be one of the best places in the States for the transaction of important business, as in the month of August almost everybody of note finds his way to it from all parts of the Union, and conferences can be held in it which can scarcely be held anywhere else. We had in a short time pointed out to us a number of distinguished men, and were introduced amongst others to Mr Pullman, the head of the Pullman Car Company; to Dr Standiford, President of the Louisville and Nashville Railway; and to Mr Carnegie—whose name indicates that he is what he is—a genuine Scotchman, now head of one of the largest iron manufacturing establishments at Pittsburgh. Everybody sees and talks to everybody here with a freedom that is certainly delightful, and as a mere spectacle Saratoga ought to be seen by all who wish to enter into whatever is most peculiar in American life.

In the cool of the evening we took a short journey by railway, and then a nine-miles drive by stage to the head of Lake George. This was our first ride in an American stage and over a plank road, and, after the overpowering heat and dazzling splendours of Saratoga, it was refreshing to “cool off,” as the Americans say,

in an open conveyance to no other sound than the rumbling of the wheels and the chirrup of the crickets, which everywhere abound, and do chirrup with American liveliness and activity. We drive over the scene of a bloody attack by the French on an English commissary train, and congratulate ourselves on our immunity in these peaceful times from all such perils. We soon arrive at Fort William Henry Hotel—named after the same Duke of Cumberland who figured at Culloden. This hotel is a fine establishment, most pleasantly situated at the head of Lake George, which is to American Lakes what Loch Katrine is to our Lochs—the chief difference being that it is on the American scale, being much larger than our beautiful Scottish Loch. During the night there was a grand illumination of the distant part of the Lake by a burning mountain—not a volcano, but the wood, extending over several miles, of a lofty range of hills, which had caught fire during recent excessive heat. There was a mournful grandeur in this vast conflagration—the greatest certainly I have ever witnessed. The irradescence spread over the entire surface of the mountain, the smoke reflecting the flames even where the fire itself did not extend. In the morning the flames

were not to be seen, but only miles of smoke. After breakfast we leave in the Lake steamer *Minnehaha*, and enjoy a delightful sail by its wooded shores, its picturesque inlets and islets, most of them enlivened by villas and camping stations—living out in tents being here a great diversion—rounding its promontories, watching its fishermen, leaving and taking off passengers at its piers, and admiring its scenery, which often resembles that of our western Lochs in Scotland. At the north end we take the train for four or five miles to Fort Ticonderoga, where we embark again on board a much larger steamer—one of the most magnificent of the American Lake steamers, costing, as the Captain tells us, a quarter of a million of dollars. She is 270 feet in length, her nominal horse-power is 1800, and her full speed 20 miles an hour. She has a very large beam engine, but what chiefly struck us in her arrangement was that her boilers were all above the sponsons, projected beyond the body of the vessel, thus keeping the ship proper, with the exception of a comparatively small space, entirely for the passengers. The Upper Saloon runs uninterruptedly two hundred feet in length, and is fitted with State Cabins for 200 passengers. These cabins are the largest we have

seen. Some of them are like bridal boudoirs. The ship will carry altogether 2000 people. The Saloon is furnished like a handsome drawing-room, and is about double the height of an ordinary cabin. All round outside of it is a gallery to which some of the State Cabins open, while on the lower deck are all kinds of useful apartments, such as a hairdresser's shop, reading-room, post office, and so on. Lake Champlain, like Lake George, is full of historical interest, and should be specially dear to the memory of Englishmen, as two millions of their money were spent under Pitt's orders in the erection of a Fort at Crown Point, intended to hold the Lake under command as the highway between Canada and the South. This Fort is now merely a monument of former British struggles, which were not destined to succeed, for supremacy on the American Continent. The fleets of transports, batteaus, and barges which formerly conveyed our troops, cannon, and ammunition over these central waters are now all sunk or destroyed. Instead of Forts the inhabitants are building picturesque villages wherever either the situation, natural productions, or water privileges, hold out inducements to settlers. On the Eastern side of Lake

Champlain, built on the slope of a hill, is the flourishing town of Burlington, the Capital of the State of Vermont, which has handsome University Buildings, standing nearly 400 feet above the Bay. Towards nightfall, after spending nearly twelve hours on Lakes George and Champlain, we land at Plattsburgh, and soon after take train for Montreal, which we reach between eleven and twelve o'clock, thus passing for a time from the United States to the Dominion of Canada.

MONTREAL.

We arranged to reach Montreal on Saturday evening, so that we might spend a quiet Sunday, and, if possible, attend the services at St Paul's and at Stanley Street Churches. Fortunately both the Rev. Dr Jenkins and the Rev. J. C. Baxter, formerly of Wishart Church, Dundee, were at home, and we had the gratification of hearing both preach in churches which far surpass in internal comfort and convenience of arrangement any we have in Dundee. St Paul's is a large and handsome edifice, of excellent architectural proportions, designed by the late Mr Lawford, a pupil of Mr Barry. The tower is not yet completed, nor are Dr Jenkins' intentions with regard to the filling in of the windows with stained glass yet carried out, but the interior is exceedingly effective from its fine proportions. The Presbyterians in Canada have generally no objection to the use of the organ in Divine worship, and there is a fine instrument in St Paul's, which accompanies a well-trained choir. Dr Jenkins conducted the whole of the morning service with the refined

taste which distinguishes him. He preached an eloquent discourse on the surpassing glories of the future state as looked forward to by the Apostle Paul, in contrast with the vague and dubious ideas of the greatest philosophers of Greece and Rome. In the evening we had the pleasure not only of listening to, but of shaking hands and conversing with, our old friend Mr Baxter and his sister. Although a less costly building, Stanley Street Church is scarcely less convenient than St Paul's. The favourite plan in Canada is to have the Sunday schools, Bible classes, week-day and social meetings in rooms in the basement storey. These rooms are large and comparatively lofty. One of the leading members of Mr Baxter's Church is Dr Dawson, Principal of the M'Gill University, who teaches a Bible class of some three hundred young people every Sunday afternoon. Dr Dawson is one of the old-fashioned Presbyterians who even in Canada object to the introduction of instrumental music in religious services, and the Stanley Street congregation chiefly consists of those who strongly sympathise with that view. One result is the excellence of the congregational singing, led by a precentor with a splendid voice, who is supported by a powerful choir, while

the whole congregation join apparently with heart and soul. If all our congregational singing were as good there would be little need for organs. I am glad, however, that I can impartially appreciate a highly-cultured service accompanied by an instrument, as at St Paul's, as well as hearty congregational singing such as at Stanley Street. Principal Dawson was unfortunately not in Montreal, otherwise, if I had happened to meet him, I should have asked him how he gets over the last verse in the Scottish version of the Psalms—

“Praise him with trumpet's sound ; his praise
With psaltery advance ;
With timbrel, harp, string'd instruments,
And organs in the dance.
Praise him on cymbals loud ; him praise
On cymbals sounding high ;
Let each thing breathing praise the Lord,
Praise to the Lord give ye.”

I was sorry that my limited time prevented me calling on a number of ex-Dundonians in Montreal, but I was fortunate in seeing Mr Alexander, who began life in Messrs Keiller's establishment in Dundee, and who now rivals them in the extent of his own in Canada—while his West End confectionery and refreshment rooms are worthy of the West End of London or Paris, and such as I should be glad to see in

Dundee. I shall not soon forget the cordiality with which he received me, and sent his remembrances to several of his old friends. Mr Alexander either is, or was lately, a member of the local Parliament. The Hon. Mr Ferrier is also closely connected with Dundee, and, although almost an octogenarian, has wonderful wiriness, vivacity, and youthfulness of spirit, speaking about Dundee and its interests and neighbouring places with sprightly intelligence. Few men, I am told, have done more to promote the commercial and social prosperity of Montreal than Mr Ferrier.

Montreal has all the appearance of a flourishing city. The buildings at the river frontage are bold and impressive, and a large new dock is being constructed for the ocean steamers of the Allan, Dominion, and other lines, which are now moored at the wharves. The business streets are lively, but not well paved. The thaws after the winter frosts break up the pavement terribly, but a beginning has been made in laying down ponderous slabs for the footpaths, which no thaw will disturb. Speaking of frosts, I was told that the English contractors for the Grand Trunk Railway, from their ignorance of the climate, and unwillingness

to take advice, lost heavily on their contract, although they had rates about double what the line might have been made for, and the Canadian contractors made a large fortune. Although the Canadians are very loyal to the old country, they mention numerous instances of English stupidity. For example, there has been a great outcry in England lately against American competition in workmen's tools, and it is quite a fact that American tools have almost entirely driven English tools out of Canada. But what is the reason? It is not their cheapness, for a mechanic in Canada, I was informed by a leading hardware merchant, will willingly give nearly double for an American tool that he would give for an English one of the same name. It is because the American tool will do the work required very much better than the English—is so much handier, lighter, and has, as the workman says, “a better hang about it altogether.” The American axe is an illustration. When a man has to fell a great number of trees, after having a little experience of an American axe he will never again handle an English one. When the Canadian ironmongers found this out they sent patterns of the American article over to England, and requested the English makers to

send precisely the same kind of article, but they could not get them to do it. The English makers either would not attempt to supply the order, or they would make such alterations, founded on their preconceived ideas of what an axe should be, as entirely spoiled it in the eyes of the Canadian farmer. The same holds good of almost every other tool; and now the Americans have got almost the whole of the tool business into their own hands. The Englishman will stick to his old pattern, and will not believe that anything can be better. The American, on the other hand, eagerly adopts any new idea, knowing that if it is a good idea it will give him the command of the market. The Canadians, seeing that they could not get what they wanted, have gone largely into the manufacture of tools themselves. The same remarks apply to agricultural implements, including mowers and reapers.

The most conspicuous edifice in Montreal is the French Catholic Cathedral of Notre Dame, which has two lofty but narrow towers. The main building is of enormous size, with three galleries, and will hold 10,000 persons, and fully half of that number must have been present when we looked in for a few minutes on Sunday

morning. It is being richly decorated ; but we have never seen so large a church having such a mean general effect. The English Episcopal Cathedral and Irish Catholic Church, although not so large, are far finer specimens of architecture. Montreal abounds in handsome churches, one of the most prominent of which is St. Andrew's, of which the Rev. Gavin Lang is minister. This is the only Presbyterian Church in Montreal which remains out of the Union—the Rev. Gavin Lang, Sir Hugh Allan, and others of his congregation, having resolved to continue their adherence to the Established Church of Scotland ; but a considerable number of members of the Church, holding the general union to be desirable, have hived off, and are likely to divide themselves amongst the other Union Churches. Mr Lang's position is not very pleasant, and is not likely to be tenable for any great length of time. It seems absurd to carry into new countries the historical feuds and factions of the old, and so the overwhelming majority of Canadian Presbyterians are strong for a United Church.

The situation of Montreal greatly resembles that of Dundee. It stands on the north bank of a broad river, and slopes, although not so

rapidly and steeply, up towards Mount Royal, which, however, is more like Balgay Hill than our Law. The western suburb of the town is divided into long wide avenues running on a plateau of great length, and admirably adapted for the tramway cars which ply upon them. Some of the villas we visited are very handsome buildings, both in their exteriors and interiors. The grey limestone of the district, faced with freestone from Cleveland, has a very good effect both in the private and public buildings. One of the most important of these is M'Gill College, of which Principal Dawson is President, and which has an able staff of Professors. This College was founded by a Scotch merchant, who left a considerable portion of his means for its endowment, and some of them are in land, which has greatly increased in value. The Court-House, St Mary's (Jesuit) College, the Church of the Gesu, the Gray Nunnery, and the great Hospital are all very imposing buildings. The French Catholics are very strong here, and have large endowments, which, on the whole, are very carefully administered, considerable sums being spent on schools, hospitals, and other charitable institutions. There has been a long-standing feud between the Catholic Bishop and lay

administrators, who object to his extreme Ultramontaniam. He is said to be a very good but very injudicious man, and the *bon mot* respecting him is attributed to a Roman Cardinal that "it is well there is a heaven for such saints, since they give so much trouble in this world." It is understood that orders have recently been sent from Rome to the Ultramontanes here to make considerable abatement in their pretensions, as it is not desired to have a repetition of the Guibord scenes. As a rule, the French and Irish Catholics keep quite apart from each other, and do not pull well together; indeed, although not exposed to Protestant eyes, the differences of the Catholics are known to be almost as great, within certain limits, as those of the Protestants whose divisions they deride.

The Victoria Bridge over the St Lawrence, one of the modern wonders of the world, is only about half the length of our Tay Bridge, and its level is comparatively low, but the breadth of its spans—242 feet—and the massiveness of its masonry, give it a very solid character. In passing over it one sees nothing, the tube being equivalent to a tunnel. It is best seen in passing under it in one of the river steamers. This we did in returning from Lachine, to which we went

by special train on Monday morning for the purpose of "shooting the rapids," a very lively sensation, having just a sufficient approach to danger to make it piquant. All visitors to Montreal, if they do not come down the St Lawrence all the way, should go up to Lachine and take the market boat in the morning, as it is an excellent way both of seeing the Rapids and the Victoria Bridge.

The finest view of Montreal and the neighbouring country is obtained from the top of Mount Royal, round which the Municipality has constructed a fine carriage road. A very extensive range of scenery is enjoyed here, including the Green Mountains of Vermont, the Adirondacks of New York State, the wide expanse of the St Lawrence, the foaming ridges of the Lachine Rapids, the quiet rural villages occupied by the French Canadians, and close below the mansions, churches, and public institutions of the city. On the side of Mount Royal, as on that of Balgay, is a large Cemetery. Altogether the resemblance between Montreal and Dundee is very striking—Montreal, however, being *minus* our factory smoke, and *plus* much finer streets, churches, and public buildings.

MONTREAL TO NIAGARA.

I must hasten over the ground more rapidly than in my last, or I shall soon be a thousand miles behind. Leaving Montreal in a Pullman sleeping car, I had the first experience of going to bed in one town and getting up in another. Having done a pretty hard day's work in driving, sight-seeing, and making calls, I slept as soundly as if I had been at home, and enjoyed the arrangement, being able to wash the dust off and go to the Hotel to breakfast quite rested. We spent the whole day in Ottawa, and were much gratified by an examination of the Houses of Parliament and Departmental Buildings, through which Lieut.-Col. Macpherson, of the Militia Department, kindly showed us. The Parliament Buildings are worthy of the Dominion Government, both in style and extent. The internal arrangements are closely copied from those at Westminster, while the situation is far grander, on an elevated plateau 160 feet above the Ottawa River. The Houses are seen many miles away in all directions, and when Parliament is in Session their illumination at

night is very telling. In height, magnitude, selection of materials, and architectural proportion and detail, the dwelling-place of the Dominion Government is one of which the members of that Government and Canadians generally are entitled to be proud. The officers of Departments, with several of whom I had opportunities of conversing, appear to be high-class and efficient men. Of course, I did not neglect to call on our recently-acquired fellow-citizen, the Hon. Mr Mackenzie, the Premier of Canada, who received me and my friend most kindly. Although all who heard him speak in Dundee must have been impressed by the clearness, calmness, and evident conscientiousness of his statements, I should say that his eminent capacity for government and administration is much more apparent in such a private interview as I was privileged with. I could not but profoundly admire the quondam fatherless boy of Aberfeldy, schoolmate of good Peter Barron now at the Perth Railway Station, and for a while a working mason, installed here as Chief of the Cabinet of the Canadian Ministry, surrounded with maps, blue books, and documents, and having about him and at command the whole political machinery of a Confederation immensely

greater in extent than the Mother Country. I had occasion to make some rather minute inquiries respecting an outlying Province of the Dominion, and was struck with the readiness with which Mr Mackenzie was able to give specific information on every point, to trace on the map all the railway and water connections, to explain the natural features and social peculiarities, to lay his hands at once on all the published reports relating to it, and to note down further particulars, information regarding which he promised to forward. Mr Mackenzie has both a deliberative and discerning mind; the tact promptly to perceive what needs to be said and done at the moment; a wonderfully retentive memory for facts and figures; a faculty of expressing himself simply and neatly, without any redundancy of verbiage or tautology; and all his gifts are overruled and directed by a conscientiousness and earnestness to do what is right which commands the respect and confidence even of his opponents, whose chief affliction is that they have to contend against such an able and upright man. In passing through Canada I saw some slight signs of reaction, or rather an endeavour to bring about a reaction, against the Mackenzie Government, by those who would

like to seize the political loaves and fishes ; but Mr Mackenzie, just as honest Abraham Lincoln had in the States, has a strong hold on the affections of the great body of the people of Canada, who instinctively feel that their interests are safe in the hands of one who is solely bent on doing what is right in whatever circumstances he is placed.

Before leaving the Houses of Parliament we visited the new Library, which is nearing completion, and which will be one of the finest buildings of its kind in the world. It is circular in form, and is 135 feet in its centre height. The fittings are entirely of Canadian woods, to be polished in the natural state, and ornamented with excellent carvings. An extension of the buildings is also being pushed on, which will be a monument of Mr Mackenzie's tenure of office. The importance of these Parliament Buildings will be understood when I mention that when completed they will have cost nearly a million sterling. From them we wended our way to the Bank of Montreal, which has an elegant office, under the charge of Mr Drummond, who accompanied us through St Andrew's Church—a very beautiful building, admirably equipped in all respects, and which has a fine organ and

large amateur choir. The Rev. Daniel M. Gordon is the minister, and is working well under very encouraging circumstances. Our last visit was to the Chaudiere Falls, which are a miniature Niagara, with the difference that the Ottawa people have turned their water privileges to great practical account, having seven large sawmills, employing about 4500 men, and sawing about 200,000,000 feet of timber per annum. Just now, from the general dulness of trade, there are enormous accumulations of deals at Ottawa. About 16,000 men are employed felling the timber to keep the mills going, and still more in the rafting and shipping of "the lumber." It is astonishing to see and hear the many "gangs" of saws working together. It is also curious to go on from these great operations to the smaller manufactories, where water-power is also used for the wholesale production of matches, water-pails, and wash-boards.

Much pleased with a day in Ottawa, we took the evening train down to Brockville, on the north bank of the St Lawrence, and slept there, to be ready for embarkation next day in one of the river steamboats, to sail through the Thousand Islands, although there are really 1800 islands

and islets, varying in size from small rocks to populous and well-cultivated pieces of land some miles in length. Almost all the islands are covered with trees. Many of them have summer houses, in which wealthy Americans and Canadians reside. One has two large hotels. It takes the steamer more than four hours to meander through them, the channel in some places being very narrow, so that in misty weather the passage cannot be attempted. It is a very curious archipelago, and we saw it under lovely atmospheric conditions, but were told that in the autumn, when the foliage is changing, the effect would be still finer.

Soon after passing through the Thousand Islands, and just before entering Lake Ontario, we rounded a rocky point crowned by Fort Henry, and came in full view of the City of Kingston. In the 17th century the French planted here Fort Frontenac, and since then Kingston has been an important military position. Commanding the river and lake, the city has a fine appearance from the water, being built chiefly of limestone found in the vicinity, and having many handsome public buildings. During the last American war this was a naval station, and the old dockyard and its capacious buildings

are now occupied by the Canadian Military College, under the charge of three British officers of high standing, and intended, like West Point, to give a first-class military education to youthful aspirants for commissions in the Canadian service. The Provincial Penitentiary and Lunatic Asylums are very large and well-managed Institutions. We visited the former of these, and were shown over it with great courtesy by Deputy-Warden Flanagan. The system is that generally in use in the States, every convict being usefully employed, and afforded an opportunity of learning a trade. The Prison and Asylums were both built by convict labour, and the buildings are admirably adapted for the purpose. Among the Educational Institutions of Kingston the most important is the University of Queen's College, established some forty years ago by Royal Charter, and the only Canadian University under the management and control of the Presbyterian Church of Canada. At one time Queen's College received a liberal annual grant from the Canadian Government, but, on the withdrawal of all aid to sectarian institutions, the Presbyterians in connection with the Church of Scotland subscribed for an endowment, the

interest of which made up for the loss. Queen's College has a full and able staff of Professors in Arts, Theology, and Medicine, the Principal being the Rev. Dr Snodgrass, from Glasgow. In Arts and Theology there were last year sixty students, many of them studying for the ministry, and receiving their education free. There are numerous churches in Kingston, the largest being the Roman Catholic Cathedral, attached to which is a College named Regiopolis.

Returning to the steamer, we slept well in a roomy and airy state cabin, and in the morning obtained our first experience of the size of an American Lake—the shores of Lake Ontario being sometimes quite invisible. It was a charming morning. No mode of travelling is so luxurious as this, with a pleasant company on board a well-appointed steamer on a lake the surface of which is just rippled by a breeze. Approaching Toronto we see all the evidences of a busy and prosperous city. Toronto has a fine situation on Lake Ontario, which formerly was protected along its entire length by a long spit of sand—a natural breakwater, which enclosed the harbour as an inner lake. Some years ago, however, a beneficent storm made an inlet through the sand, causing a current to pass

through what was previously stagnant water, and there is now a channel for vessels from the east as well as the west. There is some risk, however, of the spit being too much washed away, and the harbour being left seriously exposed. On reaching the town our first call was upon the Hon. George Brown, a member of the Senate, who, although not now in office, is a great political power in Canada—the *Toronto Globe*, which he edits, being the most influential journal in the Dominion, very vigorously conducted, and largely read, especially in the west, by the farmers of Canada. Mr Brown combines a frank and hearty manner with great political foresight and business shrewdness, and one reason why the farmers have so much confidence in him is that he is one of the most eminent of their own class. He has established a Stock Farm in one of the best Counties in Western Ontario, which is a Model Farm not only for Canada, but for the world. Its position and soil have been carefully selected, while its buildings and appliances are as complete as they can possibly be made. After a pleasant talk with Mr Brown, his brother, Mr Gordon Brown, very kindly drove us through the city, and especially to University College, a massive

building, said to be the best specimen of the Norman style in America. It already has quite an Old World appearance, which causes it to be much admired. It is largely endowed, and is doing excellent work. Going through the Museum, we recognised the handwriting of Professor Alleyne Nicholson, one of the University Lecturers in Dundee, and heard his praises sounded for the immense pains he took in collecting, arranging, and labelling the Natural History specimens. He has left a high reputation in Toronto for industry, skill, and research. The Queen's Park, St James's Cathedral, Trinity College, and the Normal School are among the principal sights here. We went through the Educational Museum, and were much impressed by the earnestness and ability with which the Colonists are training competent schoolmasters and equipping efficient schools. The Canadians of the rising generation ought to be thoroughly well instructed, and they certainly have advantages which few as yet in the Old Country enjoy. While in Toronto we called on Lieut.-Governor Macdonald, with whom we had a very pleasant conversation on the position of the Colony and the mode of conducting the Government both Municipal and Parliamentary.

Taking a Lake steamer, we sailed across Lake Ontario to Lewiston, and thence had only four miles of a railway journey to Niagara Falls. It is too late at the end of this letter to begin a description of them. I will only say that, as many express their disappointment at the appearance of the Falls, my own feelings were quite the reverse. I think that they alone are worth visiting America to see—that is, if the visitors do not consider, as some have done, that an hour is quite sufficient for seeing them. We took the time and made the exertion required to see them properly, and have carried away impressions of the sublime and beautiful that can never be effaced.

NIAGARA FALLS TO CHICAGO.

The Cataract House, at which we stayed during our visit to Niagara, is built close upon the Rapids near the American Fall—indeed it has a pavilion walk and bridge extending over a part of the Rapids, the perpetual rush, surge, and spray of which are immediately below and around it. At the Clifton House, on the Canadian side, a more complete view of both the Horse Shoe and American Falls is obtained; but I was glad to make my acquaintance with these sublime wonders in such a way that the impression grew upon me. Rising early, I took a bath in what is called the Cataract Current at the hotel—an inflow from the Rapids—which was delightfully refreshing. We then surveyed Goat Island, where the only important use to which the immense water-power is turned is in driving a paper-mill, at which the paper is made for some of the leading American journals. From the islets known as the Three Sisters a splendid view is obtained of the Rapids over the Horse Shoe Falls, which are of great extent; but the grandest sight, the most im-

portant thing for men and even women—if they have nerve and firmness sufficient—is to descend into the Cave of the Winds, far down in a recess behind the central Fall. The action of the water has formed a cave under the Fall, over and in front of which the vast flood is seen to pour. I ought to have mentioned that before descending you have to strip off all your ordinary garments and put on a regular bathing dress, with a sou'-wester to protect the head ; and the necessity for this is soon experienced, since in approaching the cave your breath is quickly taken away by what seems the spray of a million shower-baths, and you are wet to the skin as effectually as if plunged into the river. Half-blinded by the water beating all round, and not seeing where one is going, it needs perfect confidence in the guide and a tight grip of his hand to persevere in the expedition. I had an excellent guide, and did not feel the slightest fear, although at times it seemed as if there was no escape from being overwhelmed. It was grand to see the vast body of water pouring down between us and the river ; but this spectacle was not so magnificent as the view of the Falls from the rocks at their feet, to which our guide slowly led us by apparently perilous

but really safe and well-devised paths, although we had often to wade to a considerable depth. Every effort was more than repaid by the sublime view of the Falls when we reached the rocky bed at the bottom. That is the place to impress any man with his utter insignificance in contrast with the stupendous works of the great Creator. The morning had been dull, but by the time we had reached the foot of the Falls there was a glorious sunshine penetrating and lighting up both the water and spray. The mighty volume of water, emerald-coloured as it curves down at the top of the Fall, and then converted into spray of dazzling whiteness, descending as it seems from the very clouds—for the altitude appears even greater than it is—surpasses all attempt at description. The river being luxuriously warm, we enjoyed a swim in one of the rock-bound pools—the grandest bath we ever had. The scene was so magnificent that we could have stayed for hours. Ascending at length, we had the novel experience of walking upon—literally walking upon—and being surrounded by rainbows, which formed themselves on the spray, and accompanied and environed us at every step. On reaching the top we resume our ordinary dress and proceed to the Ferry,

which is reached by the descending cars of an elevator railway. A splendid view of the Falls is obtained from the boat, and should not be missed. We then drive on the Canadian side to the Horse Shoe Fall, and are told that the Shoe is becoming perceptibly more curved in the centre, having been hollowed out considerably within the last twenty or thirty years. The beauty of the Falls is best seen as we saw it on a lovely summer day, the gauzy mist being made resplendent with light, but the sense of sublimity is deepest when they are seen from the rocks below. We concluded our survey by driving down to the Whirlpool, a recess of the river where the Niagara whirls in and out, and where trunks of trees and sometimes human bodies will, it is said, be kept whirling for several days. The Niagara itself is wider, but has very much the appearance of the Severn where it is crossed by the Clifton Suspension Bridge. It is a long deep ravine, supposed to have been cut out in the course of ages by the action of the water—the material having been much softer than that now reached at Niagara.

Our next movement was by the Great Western of Canada to Detroit. We left the Falls at midnight by a sleeping car, and early in the

morning passed through the flourishing agricultural city of London, beautifully situated in the centre of Middlesex, and of course upon the river Thames. Just in sight of the Railway Station is Covent Garden Market; at some little distance is the modern Cathedral of St Paul's, close to Pall Mall. After crossing the Thames we pass through Westminster, and are soon in the adjoining county of Kent, and stop for breakfast at a prosperous little town named Chatham. The fondness of the colonists for old country names is everywhere exemplified. For upwards of a hundred miles the country is perfectly flat, not a piece of rising ground to be seen. The soil is a fertile loamy clay, without a stone. The road then skirts along the margin of Lake St Clair, which is situated between the two great Lakes Erie and Huron, and at its southern extremity is the modern town of Windsor, immediately opposite which is the large and imposing American city of Detroit. Passing through Western Canada we are struck by the want of trees for shade and shelter. The Canadian farmer, long accustomed to regard them as his natural enemies, has felled them until there is now a great want of wood.

The first experience we had of American ferry

steamers was in crossing over to Detroit in a large boat that carried our whole train over under cover—just like a large floating railway station. I had been invited by Mr Pullman to visit the great Pullman Car Works at Detroit, but was unable to give the time. Passing on by the Michigan Central Railway through the State of Michigan I also for the first time saw a vote taken in the cars for the President. Travelling through Michigan, it is at once evident that there is a larger and longer settled population than in a considerable part of Canada. There are more trees, more fertile fields, and more and brighter homesteads. It is in some respects the most flourishing country we have seen, even in America, till reaching Illinois. We dined very satisfactorily in the Hotel Car, where the sense of hurry experienced at railway station meals is not felt. It was night before we reached Chicago, skirting the shore of Lake Michigan for some miles, and impressed with the size of the town from the great length of the lighted houses and streets before we stop at the Depot—the name by which railway stations are always called in the States.

CHICAGO.

The story of the rapid rise and progress of Chicago has often been told. The thrilling narratives of its Great Fire, and the wonderful energy of its people in rebuilding the city, were read over the whole world. One's first impression on seeing the Chicago of to-day is that it is scarcely possible the magnificent business streets we see extending over a vast area can all have been rebuilt in so short a time. The fire in October 1871 spread over nearly four square miles—some 2100 acres—and destroyed over \$240,000,000 worth of property, of which only \$40,000,000 were recovered from the Insurance Offices ; and yet here in September 1876 the business part of the city probably surpasses in the even regularity and magnificence of its shops, stores, and warehouses any other in the world. Conceive a city all whose principal streets correspond to Victoria Street in London, or the most central parts of Glasgow and Manchester, and you will understand the style of the Chicago of to-day. There are miles of streets consisting of blocks five, six, seven, and eight storeys high.

The thoroughfares are crowded, busy, and bustling ; and abounding signs of life and energy in the people and their modes of trading are everywhere apparent. Imagine a city of which all the principal public buildings—the Custom-House, Post-Office, Court-House, Exchange, railway stations, banks, hotels, newspaper offices, warehouses, and shops—were completely burnt down in a conflagration that raged for three days and nights over four square miles of ground, and imagine all these replaced, in the course of five years, by much finer and more costly buildings, and you are enabled to form some idea of the wonderful activity that characterises the Chicago people. I wish I had time to reproduce some of the stories I heard of what occurred during the fire, and how men, after realising their losses, set themselves to re-establish themselves almost before the fire was extinguished. With some remarks made by a Chicago citizen I was much impressed. He said, “I think our fire led to the grandest display of true Christian feeling the world ever saw. Here we were, hundreds of thousands of people—houseless, homeless, without food or shelter ; and first from all parts of the United States, and then from every country and city in the civilised world money

came pouring in till in less than a fortnight we had to telegraph them to stop—that they were sending too much. As it is, we have 500,000 dollars unspent, and if we had not telegraphed there would have been 5,000,000. The telegraph for days and weeks was chiefly employed bringing us news of help. The first thing we did was to send off our wives and families into the country, and then set to work to relieve those who could not help themselves. I never had my clothes off or slept in a bed till after the tenth day. That was when we knew the water supply was on again, which took off the tension, as we were all afraid the fire might break out again. There were thousands like myself. It was not a time for sleep but for work, and men worked then as they had never done before, giving their first attention to others rather than themselves.” Four thousand houses were built by the Relief Committees and furnished with all absolute requirements within a month. The public Boards met and resolved to maintain public credit. The number of firms not able to meet their engagements was comparatively small. The Banks, although almost all their safes were destroyed, stood firm; the State forwarded a large sum in cash to the Municipality,

and confidence was promptly restored. Then the rebuilding of the city commenced at such a rate as has perhaps never been equalled. Architects, builders, and workmen came from all parts of the States. Buildings worth between £7,000,000 and £8,000,000 sterling were completed within the first year. One architect alone had £1,200,000 worth in hand. The rate of restoration was marvellous, and the general style of the work excellent.

More than any other I have yet visited, Chicago is the city of great hotels. With the exception of the Palace Hotel at San Francisco, the Palmer House is the most costly on the American Continent. It is most ornate in its decorations, and most luxurious in its furniture, but is not so spacious and airy as the Grand Pacific, which is "run" by Mr Drake, who has the reputation of being the most skilful hotel-keeper in the United States—a perfect master of the business. He took me through the wonderful subterranean regions of the Grand Pacific, and showed me how they "run" these monstrous hotels in all their details. In addition to the Palmer House and Grand Pacific there are also the Sherman and Tremont Hotels, very large and first-class houses. I was also intro-

duced by a Chicago gentleman to the new Club House, which has just been opened, and which is most tastefully decorated and furnished in the early English style advocated by Westlake. There are now in course of erection splendid County and City Buildings, a new Post Office, and Custom House, &c. The warehouse blocks are of great extent, and no little sensation had been caused in Chicago just before I arrived by the goliath Stewart dry goods firm of New York having leased two of these blocks. It was rumoured that Claflin and others of the New York houses were about to follow, having discovered that the course of trade, like that of Empire, is tending westward. The dry goods business is said to be gradually centring in Chicago, and leaving New York to be the financial centre. Judging from its growth in the past, he would be a bold man who would venture to prognosticate the limits of Chicago in the future. Its situation at the head of lake and river navigation, and on the direct highways from all parts of the North and West of the American Continent to the seaboard, eminently favours the development of an enormous commercial business. The Lake and the Chicago River generally standing about the

same height, there is no trouble from the rise and fall of the tides, while the elevators and warehouses give greater facilities for handling grain, provisions, and lumber than are now possessed in any other place. I went through and up to the top of the largest and highest elevator in Chicago and the world. It has twenty-three elevating shafts, on the same principle as a dredging machine, ten of which work direct out of the cars. It will empty 500 cars of 200,000 bushels a day, and will load a vessel with 60,000 bushels in two or three hours. The main body of the interior is a labyrinth of bins and spouts—the corn, wheat, barley, and oats being chiefly stored at the top ready to run down the spouts into the vessels on one side, after being elevated from the trains on the other. This B Central Elevator, as it is called, is worked by a splendid steam engine of 500 H.-P., which drives all the shafting by an india-rubber belt 4 feet wide, 315 feet long, and weighing 3600 lbs. Paper cores are used here for the belts to run upon with great success. From the highest storey of this elevator we have a panoramic view of the city, the commercial advantages of whose position are very conspicuous.

The risk of another vast conflagration is greatly diminished by the erection of stone and brick edifices—the building of wooden frame houses being now interdicted. But the greatest security is in the abundant water supply. The pumping system at Ottawa is the finest I have seen driven by water power, and that at Chicago the finest by steam power. The City has determined that if another fire occurs there shall be no lack of water to extinguish it—the whole of Lake Michigan—to which the Loch of Lintrathen would literally be only a drop in a bucket—having to be pumped out before the supply would be exhausted. A subaqueous tunnel draws in the water from a great depth two miles out in what is called “the Crib” in the Lake, and a gang of enormous engines pumps the water with such force as will reach the tops of the highest buildings in quantities sufficient to flood out any fire. For drinking purposes the water is now excellent in quality, and remarkably cool even in the height of summer. The tunnel from the lake is large enough to supply a million of people with 57 gallons each per day; while the pumping power at present is equal to 120,000,000 gallons during the same period.

Next to the Elevators and Water Works the great sight in Chicago is the Stockyards, where hogs, cattle, and horses are brought in by thousands and hundreds of thousands to be sold—the cattle to be shipped, and the hogs to be slaughtered. The afternoon I visited the Stockyards was rather too hot for comfortable observation of wholesale hog-butcherery. We saw for some time hogs having their throats cut at the rate of eight every minute, or nearly 500 an hour, at an establishment which in the ensuing winter will kill, cut up, cure, and pack at the rate of 6000 a day. We followed the butchered pigs till they were hung up, ready to be sent to the ice-chambers below, where they remain 48 hours, when they are cut up and salted, preparatory to being packed. The scale on which everything is conducted is astonishing.

Commercially one of the most interesting sights in Chicago is the Board of Trade, a large room in which great and sometimes enormous transactions are carried on daily in a manner quite unintelligible to the uninitiated, who hear nothing but apparently frantic and delirious shouts, howls, and screams. Everywhere else in Chicago people seem to be lively, but sensible : here they seem to be maniacs, ejaculating and

gesticulating in ways suggesting the immediate issue of a Commission *de lunatico inquirendo*. In course of time it will probably occur to the Board that some method may be devised for conducting its business in a quieter and more orderly and rational manner. Sensible men could surely effect their purchases and sales without such a confusion of tongues.

The only defect in the situation of Chicago is its flatness. It is built on a dead level, very slightly above that of the Lake, and from this cause great difficulty was for long experienced with the drainage, which went into the Chicago River, and made it one of the foulest streams in the world. Very remarkably, however, the watershed between North and South is only about twelve miles from Chicago on the Alton Road, and it was ascertained that by cutting down the Illinois and Michigan Canal a depth of about $8\frac{1}{2}$ feet for twenty-six miles a current of water could be carried from Lake Michigan which would ultimately flow into the Mississippi. The cutting, having to be made to a great extent through rock, was of great difficulty, and the people of Chicago had almost despaired of success, when unexpectedly one fine morning the inky river was seen to flow with clear water

from the Lake—the deepening of the Canal had been completed, and Chicago was being drained into the Gulf of Mexico! So far as water supply and drainage are concerned, Chicago has achieved wonders, and she is now carrying out some splendid conceptions in the way of Boulevards and Parks. The whole city will soon be environed by Parks of great extent and beauty, approached by Boulevards from all parts of the town. The growth of the trees is so rapid that already these are making considerable appearance. Mr L. B. Sidway, a member of the South Park Commission, drove us through the South Park, and it was surprising to see what has been accomplished—the extent and variety of the plantations, and the fine specimens of shrubs and flowers. The Managers of Kew Gardens have sent for a large number of seeds out of the 2800 varieties already supplied by this Park, of which Professor Babcock is the very able Superintendent.

I attended the First and Second Presbyterian Churches and visited Mr Moody's Tabernacle during the Sunday I spent in Chicago; and I was specially impressed

by the instant readiness, not merely of gentlemen with leisure, but of active business men, to give themselves great trouble in showing whatever the city contains, and furnishing whatever information can be procured respecting it.

INDIANAPOLIS AND SPRINGFIELD.

When in New York I made an appointment to call on a gentleman in Indianapolis, and, to save time, I travelled from Chicago and back again by night trains, sleeping in the Pullman both ways, and arriving in both towns in time for early breakfast. American business men seem to do this regularly, and are thus able to transact business in different cities during the days, and do all their travelling at nights. I was very much pleased with Indianapolis, through all the principal streets and avenues of which my friend drove me in his buggy. Although not so large as Chicago—and although without the advantage of Lake or River navigation, it is evidently a thriving city. One of my first visits was to a large pork-packing establishment, which in winter packs 3000 hogs a-day, and where I learned that immense quantities of what are known in Scotland as Belfast hams are really cured at Indianapolis. An enterprising Belfast firm has the largest curing establishment here. Another eminent curer is of direct Scotch descent, and I was not long in making the

acquaintance of several gentlemen whose parents or grandparents were from Scotland. I also had a very pleasant talk with a young attorney, son of a judge, who happened to be in Dundee during the triangular election contest between Messrs Fitzjames Stephen, Jenkins, and Yeaman, and who had lively recollections of that lively time. A local Banker, who had at one time "run" a newspaper, introduced me to the editor of the leading journal in Indianapolis, and also to the Committee Room of the Republican party, where I saw the very systematic organisation raised in support of Messrs Hayes and Wheeler for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency. The quantity of printed matter preparing for distribution was, like everything American, on a monstrous scale. In Indianapolis, as in other large cities in America, the Water Works are worth seeing. Being situated on a plain, the system, like that at Chicago, is a pumping one, the "crib" here being taken from the river. Special arrangements are made in anticipation of fires, whereby a great flood of water can be thrown wherever desired. Numerous manufactures are carried on in the capital of Indiana, which is a great railway centre, and the chief market for the

produce of a flourishing State. The main streets have a busy aspect, while the suburban residences are remarkably handsome, and generally have considerably more ground than those in Chicago. I visited one of the mansions, which possessed a most handsome interior, and at another roamed with the owner under his vines and fig trees—the former growing in the open air, and producing 100 lbs. of grapes a day more than is required to supply the house. Before leaving I witnessed a large Democratic procession, each man carrying a lamp torch, and the whole led by bands of music ; and I was told that there would be similar processions of the two parties every night till the election in November.

After three days spent in travelling over the now fertile, wealthy, and populous prairie lands of Illinois, I arranged to spend a quiet Sabbath in Springfield. On the Saturday evening we called on Mr C. M. Smith, a leading citizen in Springfield, and brother-in-law of President Lincoln, who enabled me to write a letter home from the same desk on which the President wrote his inaugural address. My previous Sundays were passed in the great cities of New York, Montreal, and Chicago, where the distances

of the churches make even church attendance laborious. Springfield very much resembles an English county town like Doncaster, except that the bells of the tramway cars may generally be heard tingling in the streets. All the principal avenues are planted with trees, that shade the side walks, which are planked, instead of paved or gravelled. The best houses are of brick; but the majority are wooden-framed, neatly porticoed and balconied. One of the simplest of these is the house occupied by Abraham Lincoln at the time he was nominated for the Presidency of the United States, the principal room in which has the same carpet, wall paper, and mirror as on the night when the deputation waited upon him to announce his nomination to the highest office in the country, and the jug is still shown from which he poured out a glass of water to each of the deputies. The best portrait of Lincoln and the most life-like photograph were shown, and some reminiscences of the visit given me by Mrs Harlow, the accomplished wife of Mr Harlow, Secretary of State for Illinois, who now occupies the house, and to whom I was introduced by my travelling companion, who was an old friend of that gentleman. The Secretary,

who is an excellent specimen of the best class of Americans—an able, well-informed man, light-hearted, and full of courtesy—drove us to see the State House—the finest building of the kind in the United States. It has been seven years in course of erection, and has cost \$3,500,000, or about £700,000, but is not yet completed, another 100 feet having to be added to the dome, which will then be within ten feet as high as that of St Paul's. The total cost when the whole building is finished will be about £1,000,000 sterling. The effect of the dome over the central lobby is even now magnificent. The architect has wisely used for the interior pillars and pilasters and the general encasement a Missouri granite very closely resembling that of Aberdeen, which, set off with some enrichments, is very impressive. In the side lobbies and the officers' rooms various coloured Italian and other European marbles have been used, and the decorations are very rich. The Senate and Representative Chambers have sculptured frescoes, in which the artist represents the leading events of American history—one of these, showing the departure of the Indian tribes and the incoming of the immigrants, being quite realistic. In the Supreme Court Room the

decorations are all in the Venetian style, and the only fault that can be found with them is that they are rather too gorgeous for a Court of Justice.

In a conversation with Secretary Harlow and Dr Fred. Wines, who is head of the Department of Public Charities—such as Asylums, Hospitals, Reformatories, Deaf and Dumb Institutions, &c.,—which are all here upheld and controlled by the State—I learned that although this is a young country the electoral system is already becoming complicated—the electoral divisions varying with the body for which the elections are made. There is one set of Electoral Districts for the State, another for Congress, another for the President, and another for the Judges. The State Districts are made up as nearly as may be to contain 48,000 voters, and the Congressional Districts 125,000. Illinois elects three Representatives to Congress. The Senator is elected by the joint-vote of the State Senate and House of Representatives. There are in the State 19 Congressional and 51 Senatorial Districts, besides 102 Counties. Each County has three State Representatives, so that the State Parliament consists of the Governor, 51 Senators, and 306 Representatives, who meet in

Session for about two months every second year. The judicial system is very extensive, and has many ramifications. All the State Judges are elected for terms of years. There are 102 County Judges—one for each County; then there are 26 Circuit Judges (exclusive of three resident in Chicago); and over these are 7 Supreme Judges. Each Court, also, has its elected Clerk. All cases under \$500 must be brought in the County Courts; above that they may be taken to the Circuit Court. There are appeals from the County to the Circuit, and from the Circuit to the State Court, and ultimately to the Supreme Court of the United States. Besides the State Judges, even the Justices of Peace and Police Magistrates are elected here—indeed from one in ten to one in six of the population hold elected offices, which accounts for the zeal of the political parties in their endeavours to carry their respective “tickets.” I find intelligent Americans everywhere agreeing that the great reform needed in the States is to make the Civil Service independent of political and party influence, and this is what both parties now profess to be aiming at.

From the State House—of which both externally and internally the State may well be

proud—we drove to the Lincoln Monument. It is creditable to the Americans that they have so soon done justice to the memory of their martyred Patriot and Statesman by the erection of a lofty obelisk in imperishable granite very like that of Peterhead. This obelisk rises from a broad pedestal containing chambers, in the front of which is a marble sarcophagus holding the embalmed remains of “honest old Abe,” inscribed simply with his name, and the motto taken from one of his addresses—“With Malice towards none, with Charity towards all.” On one side of the pedestal looking towards Washington is a colossal bronze figure of Lincoln, in which he is represented holding the Proclamation of Emancipation to the Slaves, and with an Eagle bearing an olive branch at his feet. There are also in course of preparation four bronze groups of figures representing the Infantry, Cavalry, Artillery, and Navy of the United States. A very large sum has been spent on this splendid Monument; but I confess, as a pilgrim to the home of Abraham Lincoln, I would have preferred that his old house had been secured and upheld, with all its contents precisely as he left it. I can well understand how the feeling of every French

soldier that there may be a Marshal's baton in his knapsack develops itself in the breast of every born American citizen, who knows that the humblest American homestead may contain the future President of the United States. In our old countries there is some limit to the career of every one not "born under the purple," but in the great Western Republic it is possible for a river boatman, railsplitter, land surveyor, and country attorney, such as Lincoln was, to become one of the greatest Potentates on earth, to earn a noble and spotless fame, and to die lamented not only by the millions of his own countrymen, but by all enlightened and civilised nations.

ST LOUIS, MISSOURI, AND KANSAS.

Travelling from Springfield by the Chicago and Alton Railway—the passenger and general traffic on which is very large, and which is one of the best managed railways in the United States—we first strike the Mississippi at Alton. It is here a broad, deep, and placid stream, divided occasionally by large cultivated islands. Between Alton and St Louis extend those rich American bottom lands which are so exceedingly productive that corn grows upon them twelve to fourteen feet high, and yields regularly 60 to 70 bushels the acre. The excessive vegetation is, however, unfavourable to human life, which suffers from the malaria of the swamps. St Louis comes in sight long before we cross the river, on the west bank of which it extends for eleven miles, and running back from it from one to four miles. There is great rivalry between St Louis and Chicago, each of which claims a larger population than the other. It is admitted that there is more real wealth in St Louis, from its being a much older place, but it was thrown back nearly half-a-century by the

total interruption of its business and the navigation of the Mississippi during the Civil War. The Chicago people, who tabulate everything in figures, also say that their colder climate enables them to do 15 per cent. more work than the St Louis people. No doubt the humid heat of the banks of the Mississippi is very enervating, although a gentleman to whom I had introductions said he had lived there for thirty years and never been sick. Not having been recently burned down and rebuilt, St Louis has not the modern appearance of Chicago, but it has some very fine business streets and public buildings, of which the Exchange and the Four Courts are the most conspicuous. The former has the largest Exchange Room in America, but the building, which is of massive granite, would have had a much finer situation if a cantankerous shopkeeper could have been induced to sell his property at a reasonable price. We were kindly driven out to see the Water Works, which have an enormous pumping power, although the muddy stream of the Mississippi, even after long settling in the reservoirs, scarcely becomes so clear as one could wish for drinking water. In our drive we saw the fine system of suburban parks, extending

over 2000 acres. The Lafayette Park is the most perfect, and is quite a place of fashionable resort. The Tower Grove Park, of nearly 300 acres, which contains the finest drives, was given to the city by Mr Henry Shaw, an Englishman of great wealth, who made his fortune by buying, long ago, large tracts of land in St Louis and the neighbourhood, which have become immensely valuable. Although extending a refined hospitality to strangers calling upon him, he lives quietly—his great delight being in adorning and benefiting the City by laying out this Park with everything which taste and skill can devise. Not content with this, he throws open his private grounds—known as Shaw's Gardens—which are kept like those of an English nobleman, and are unequalled on the American Continent. It is also understood that he has bequeathed his splendid property to the City for the purpose of maintaining these Gardens and Park in all time coming.

Before being set down at the Lindell Hotel we were driven over the carriage-way of the famous St Louis Railway Bridge, over which we had come in the train. It is at once the most massive and handsome railway bridge I have seen ; but I am sorry to say that, although a

magnificent engineering success, the St Louis Bridge is an equally magnificent financial failure, from the fact that the haulage of goods from the Levee to it costs more than the ferrying of them across the river. In course of time the through traffic may be sufficient to pay the interest on the expenditure, but this will not be soon. The St Louis people are generally as confident of the future of their city as are the people of Chicago. They say that the Valley of the Mississippi will maintain a population as great as that of Europe, and that, from its position, St Louis must be the metropolis of that valley. It is the central port for the inland navigation of the Missouri and the Mississippi, and also the great railway centre for the South West. The business men are solid and substantial, but not lacking in enterprise, and are already turning to account the wealth of coal and iron to be found in the neighbourhood. The famous Iron Mountain, which is at a comparatively short distance, is now connected by railway with St Louis, and contains an inexhaustible supply of a very fine quality of ore. I was taken to the Vulcan Works, a few miles from the city, where I saw the process of casting and rolling steel rails carried on by machinery almost as perfect as science can

devise. The ingots, which each weigh a ton, are brought at a golden heat from enormous gas furnaces, which are now used in preference to coal on account of their freedom from sulphur. They are then rolled till the ingot is reduced from 15 to 7 inches square, when it is cut into three, each representing three rails, and these rails are rolled out into 30 feet lengths by being passed over a succession of rollers with astonishing rapidity. It is amusing to see how a ton of red-hot metal is moved and turned over and handled by machinery as if it were a baby. Throughout the Works hydraulic, steam, and gas apparatus are used in ingenious combinations, with the result that 300 tons of ingots are converted into steel rails ready for use every twenty-four hours. I found that the head mechanic in these works was a Scotchman, and that his employers consider him the best man in the establishment. Besides this there are several other Rolling Mills, Smelting, and Wire-Drawing Works. Lead casting is a large business; pork packing sums up to £500,000 a-year; beer is brewed to the extent of half a million barrels; and as many barrels of flour are ground and shipped. My St. Louis friend believes that it will yet become

one of the largest manufacturing cities in the world.

Before leaving St Louis I went on board the Great Republic, the largest river steamer in the world, her burden being 2600 tons. Her main deck is of prodigious width and length, curiously beamed, sparred, and tied to hold the framework together, but with space for an enormous quantity of cotton, sugar, tobacco, and other freight. Over this is the saloon, which is 275 feet in length, about 12 feet high in the centre, and has branching out at each side state cabins, with 200 sleeping berths. There is a large office, bar-room, and every equipment of a first-class hotel. The paddle-wheels—constructed entirely of wood—are of the largest diameter I have ever seen. The Great Republic is certainly a prodigy of steamboat construction, especially as she is built to run in five feet of water, and when fully loaded draws only twelve.

From St Louis westward I passed from under the direct charge of the kind friends, whose attentions I shall never forget, and to whom I am indebted for opportunities of everywhere seeing the best of everything to be seen with the least possible waste of time. Although travelling afterwards across the Continent for more than a

week in one sense alone, I have never felt lonely, having always found very pleasant companions in the Pullman Cars, which are most sociable institutions, infinitely preferable to our small and exclusive compartment carriages. The only mishap I have yet encountered was in Missouri. Leaving St Louis by the 8.15 P.M. train, I expected to breakfast next morning in Kansas State, but when I awoke I found the train was standing little more than 100 miles from St Louis. During the night there had been a heavy downpour of rain, which had flooded the country and made the engine-driver afraid to cross the bridges. During the day we only crept along about fifty miles through a swampy region filled with water, which stood up to the rails, and remained at a place called Moberly till the following morning. There was no moving either forwards or backwards. The night was made miserable by the heat, humidity, and mosquitoes. An hour or two before daybreak a thunderstorm broke round the train, in which the lightning was more vivid and continuous than I had ever seen, and the thunder, instead of being in the sky, seemed to be on the very ground. One of the discharges appeared like that of a tremendous battery within a few

yards of one side of the train, followed a few seconds afterwards by another on the opposite side. It was terribly grand—not an experience to be desired, but which having passed through one remembers for good. In Missouri we literally passed through the floods and the fire. Next morning we were reconciled to our long delay on learning that a few miles ahead of us a train had been wrecked by falling into a culvert, and that Mr Taussig, the manager of the line, with a son, nephew, and friend, who were travelling in the Directors' car, had been drowned inside of it, while eleven other persons were injured. We subsequently saw the wreck of the train, the cars being capsized right over on their broadsides. In the afternoon as we travelled along we could not but admire the luxuriant vegetation bordering on the Missouri—our admiration, however, evaporating greatly in the perspiration caused by the sweltering heat of the mingling land and water under an almost tropical sun. Everything seems admirable in Missouri, the Midland, and some of the Eastern States, except the climate, which in summer must have a debilitating effect on all who are not accustomed to it, although there are many who seem quite acclimatised.

Up to Kansas City the weather continued very hot, but soon after leaving it we came to a cooler region. For the first 250 miles Kansas is well settled, and has the appearance of a thriving and prosperous State ; but we heard sad stories of the desolation of crops by the grasshoppers, which for two or three seasons have been a perfect plague. They came later this year than last, and have done much less damage. Next morning we were passing through the uncultivated prairie—not a tree, field, or house to be seen—and the horizon as distant as when seen from a ship at sea. However level the plain may be, by an optical delusion the land seems to rise considerably in every direction ; but the extent of dead level ground is not so great as we had expected, for, except in a few places, there is generally some “rolling ground,” if not even hills or bluffs, in sight. As we move westward our stopping places are the mere rudiments of villages—future “Cities” perhaps in embryo, but now consisting only of the wooden shed of the station-keeper, two or three shanties—little log houses—and a “dug-out” or two—places of shelter dug in the ground and covered with a roof of planks. The population of Buffalo Station is 10 ; Aroya, 11 ;

Monument, 15 ; and Monotony, 22. More dreary places to live in, either summer or winter, can scarcely be conceived, yet thousands of large and flourishing American towns have had similar beginnings. In the afternoon of the second day we pass out of Kansas into Colorado, which has much the same character. Here, as in the Western Section of Kansas, it is a diversion to look out for prairie dogs and antelopes, both of which abound. The herds of buffaloes have been scared by the locomotives and receded, along with the Indians, to the great North-West. In some places the soil is little better than sand, and so arid that the grass does not cover it. In others, where there are either streams or springs of water, numerous herds are seen quietly grazing, while the mounted herds-men, in their broad hats and scarlet vests, raise the dust as they gallop over the plain. Very rarely "a prairie schooner"—the name given to an emigrant's team, which is always covered with white canvas—comes into view. Almost the only railway traffic besides that of passengers is in the transport to the East of Kansas and Colorado cattle, which is becoming larger and larger as the plains are being more extensively stocked. A couple of hours before sunset we

come in sight of Pike's Peak, a mountain upwards of 14,000 feet high, and one of the highest in Colorado—about the same height, if I remember rightly, as Mont Blanc, but not covered like it with perpetual snow. We see it distinctly at a distance of eighty miles, and after sunset the purple lines upon its long sloping sides are highly picturesque. Denver City is reached a little before bedtime, and, after the hot vapour baths of Missouri, it is quite a luxury to enjoy the delicious cold of Colorado. We are now a mile above the level of the sea, and the atmosphere is as rare and as cold as on the top of Ben Lomond or Ben Nevis. For the first time since leaving Montreal we welcome the cover of blankets, and wake in the morning, after a most refreshing sleep, with a keen appetite for one of the delicacies of Denver—antelope steak—which seems as common here as beefsteak and mutton chops generally are at American as well as at English hotels.

A MAGNIFICENT RAILWAY JOURNEY.

The men who conceived and demonstrated the practicability of spanning the American Continent by a railway connecting the Pacific with the Atlantic Coast deserve well of the American people and mankind. It was a gigantic undertaking, and they are amongst the giants of our time who saw their way to stride over the plains of Nebraska and Wyoming, march beyond the Black Hills, penetrate the Rocky Mountains, and scale and descend the Sierra Nevadas, till they linked New York and Chicago with San Francisco. Omaha, the point at which the Union Pacific Railway begins, is about 1400 miles west of New York, and it is 1914 miles from Omaha to San Francisco. When first projected, the greater part of this line was through an uncultivated and unpopulated region. It was for national and military reasons—to prevent the disintegration of the United States and the formation of a West Coast Republic—that the Federal Government resolved to give large subsidies of money and land towards the cost of constructing a trans-

continental railroad. The constructors are said to have made very favourable terms for themselves, but the enterprise, pluck, and energy they exhibited merited no ordinary reward. In travelling over the Union Pacific and Central Pacific roads it is obvious that the men who laid down these lines understood their business, and did it well. Although the lines were "graded and ironed" at a rate never previously known in the history of railway making—several miles a day being completed day after day for weeks together—the rails are strong, and very evenly laid. There is no safer and steadier travelling anywhere than on this line ; the only sensation of danger is in crossing the wooden trestle bridges, but these are being rapidly displaced by solid embankments, on which large regiments of Chinamen are at work under the superintendence of American "bosses." The platelayers and surfacemen all along are Mongolians, and at some of the stations we are attended for the first time by Chinese waiters, dressed more like women than men, and very feminine in appearance and in the softness and quietness of their movements. As waiters they are more dexterous than the negroes ; while amongst the navvies are many strong and brawny-looking fellows.

Coming on to the Union Pacific road at Cheyenne, we are within fifty miles of the highest railway point on the North American Continent. The elevation is 8242 feet, and yet it is reached so gradually that the ascent is in many places almost imperceptible. The rarity of the atmosphere testifies to our being high up in the world, but it is difficult to realise that we are more than twice as high as the summit of Ben Lomond. The fact that the base of the adjacent mountains is at such an elevation probably accounts for their apparent height being less imposing than most travellers expect. More solitary places than the railway stations at some points on these Pacific Roads it would be difficult to conceive, and yet I found that one of them was kept by a young Scotchman, married to a young Englishwoman—quite a lady in her manners—whose blooming cheeks attested the salubrity of this lofty region. The name of the highest station is Sherman, and not far from it are the Skull Rocks, which suggest that the craniums of hundreds of mammoths had been piled upon each other. We next pass a number of curious-looking Hills or Buttes, rising isolated from the Laramie Plains. In these plains sheep-raising is carried on extensively by

modern Shepherd Kings and Stock Raisers, who have large flocks and herds, and whose average increase of capital is estimated at 50 per cent. per annum. At Laramie Station is one of the numerous windmills used for pumping water for the locomotives. Both in the making and working of these Pacific Lines the supply of water was one of the great difficulties to be overcome, and although in some cases it is brought to the stations by gravitation, more frequently windmills or steam engines have to be used. Having spent the afternoon in traveling from Cheyenne, beyond Sherman and Laramie, the sun sets, and while we sleep the train steadily pursues its track over the Continent.

Next morning we awake in the region of the Green River, and the keen, bracing air appetises us for a hearty breakfast. The familiar name of Baxter appears on a station passed in the early morning. Green River derives its name from flowing over green shale, and there are many curiously-shaped shale rocks in innumerable strata, most conspicuous amongst which are the lofty Castle Rock, the Twin Sisters, Giant's Club, and Giant's Teapot, and beyond these Church Buttes, from their supposed ecclesiastical

forms. Whether it be so or not I cannot say, but it is alleged that the construction of the railway has been followed by rain falling in these regions, where it was previously unknown, and the action of rain and frost together are said to be rapidly altering the configuration of these rocks. Further on a mountain of coal has been discovered, with three seams nearly 90 feet in total thickness. The Union Pacific has been very fortunate in striking coal at several points, and is able not only to supply itself with all it needs at a very moderate expense, but to sell considerable quantities at a good profit.

The most memorable scenes on the Union Pacific are passed on the second afternoon from Cheyenne, in descending through Echo and Weber Canons (pronounced Canyons). It was a splendid afternoon, with a sufficiency of white clouds to prevent the eyes being dazzled, while they served to reflect the light and bring out distant objects distinctly. For more than three hours I sat on the platform of the engine in the best possible position, just above the "cow-catcher"—which is never permitted except to privileged observers—and enjoyed a feast of vision never to be forgotten. The ever-varying

scenes can only be described as indescribable in their wild and rugged grandeur ; their glimpses of sublimity ; their suggestions of awful subterranean upheavals, demoniac battlefields, blights, and curses, followed by the exhaustion, weariness, and sickness of nature for ages upon ages. Here mountains have been riven apart, and huge rocks tossed about like playthings. Gradually a mantle of vegetation has spread itself over ugly wounds and scars ; and a river glides cheerfully through the midst of desolation. Some idea of the fantastic forms of the rocks may be gathered from their names—Castle Rock, Hanging Rock, Sentinel, Witches' Battlement, Needles, Egyptian Tombs, Pulpit Rock, Monument Rock, and so on. Passing on from Echo Canon, we approach the Weber River, and enter Weber Canon, with its Eagle's Nest Rock, Devil's Slide, and the Thousand Mile Tree. The Devil's Slide consists of two perpendicular, jagged, and serrated ledges of granite on a mountain brae 800 feet high. The Thousand Mile Tree has a large "ticket" upon it, proclaiming that 1000 miles from Omaha have been reached. In Weber Canon we see the conflict between man and nature. We are now in Utah, and the Mormons are cultivating

the narrow valley and bottom lands ; while above and beyond are the sterile Wahsatch Mountains and the rocky wilds of the Devil's Gate. We are surrounded by deep ravines, yawning fissures, and jagged peaks. Anything more desolate than the canons in Utah can scarcely be conceived ; and the Mormon leaders must have imbued their followers with considerable faith before being able to induce them to pass through such dismal approaches to their Promised Land.

Ogden is the station at which the line branches off for Salt Lake City. Here we change cars and trains, and are no longer on the Union but the Central Pacific Line, in the building of which over the Sierra Nevadas even more skill was required than in crossing the Rocky Mountains by the Union. One great impediment to the making of this line was that all the rails, tools, engines, and machinery had to be sent round Cape Horn to California—a voyage of several months—so that the expense of everything was doubled and trebled before being placed on the ground. According to *Williams*, “The first 100 miles was up a total ascent of 7000 feet. At the height of 5000 feet the snow line was reached, and 40 miles of snow galleries had to be erected,

at an additional expense of 20,000 to 30,000 dollars per mile, and made so strong that avalanches might pass over them and yet preserve the safety of the track. Even after passing the Sierras, the road descended into a vast plain—dry, sere, and deserted—where there was neither fuel nor civilised life. For over 600 miles of the route there was not a single white inhabitant. For over 100 miles at a stretch no water could be found for either man or machinery.” The men who planned had, however, the pluck to carry through the work, and dug, cut, and blasted their way through beds of granite and over the sides of mountains, and before they finished actually succeeded in laying down and running an engine over ten miles of railway in a single day. The Directors of the Central Pacific are now the Railway Kings of the West, and they are men of great wealth, yet they are not making any miserly accumulation of their money, but spending it as fast as they make it in building new lines for the benefit of the Pacific Coast. On my way to San Francisco I read in the journals of that city of the opening of the Southern Pacific—which is really an extension of the Central—to Los Angeles, a distance of 350 miles. Mr Stanford

and his colleagues evidently aim at controlling the whole railway system of the West Coast, and it is understood that when they have secured their position in the South they will turn their attention to the North, and complete their connections with Oregon and Washington Territory.

Leaving Ogden about sunset we see little of the first 250 miles of the Central, but are informed that even in daylight there is little to be seen. We breakfast at Elko, the rude metropolis of numerous mining stations, where we see piles of ore in small sacks made from Dundee Hessians. The early part of the day is spent in passing through the great Humboldt Desert, and before noon we pass through the impressive Palisades, where, as in many other places, it seems as if Nature had provided for the easy construction of this railway by cleaving mountains asunder which would have been next to impenetrable by artificial means. In the afternoon we reach Winnemucca, from which it is expected the Central branch line to Oregon will be constructed. It is the centre of a vast mining region—mines of gold, silver, antimony, and salt being very productive. It is said that in the antimony district slabs weighing three tons, and averaging

70 per cent. of pure antimony, can be obtained. This region of the Humboldt is chiefly interesting to the traveller from the strange phenomena of the Humboldt and Carson Sink, into which the waters of two considerable rivers—the Humboldt being 500 miles in length—merge and submerge without any outlet, and, according to some, run down into a subterranean sea, or, according to others, simply disappear by evaporation. Several other streams, such as the Truckee, in this region have similar Sinks. Pyramid and Winnemucca Lakes both receive streams, but have none flowing out of them. It is a thirsty land, whose thirst is unquenchable. Those who note the rapidity with which water evaporates from any exposed vessel during the hot season are satisfied that evaporation alone is sufficient to explain the phenomena.

I forgot to mention the snow sheds on the Union, but as they are simply intended to arrest drifting snow they are not so remarkable as those on the Central, most of which are made strong enough to resist avalanches coming down the sides of the Nevadas. The lower trunks of trees are used for the upright posts, and the upper portions or large branches for the cross pieces. Millions of feet of “timber” must have been

worked up into these sheds, and fortunately the trees were close at hand. In the construction of these railways the sleepers are also much larger and closer than with us, the abundance of wood causing it to be lavishly used. As snow sometimes falls on the Nevadas to the depth of five feet in a day, and will gather in places to the depth of thirty feet, the need for these snow sheds will be understood. Great precautions are required in summer to prevent them taking fire, and to extinguish fire if it breaks out. But for them much more of the mountain scenery would be visible ; we must be content, however, since but for them the mountains themselves frequently could not be traversed by the trains.

On the second morning after leaving Ogden, at the friendly suggestion of the intelligent negro steward of our sleeping car, we rise at day-break to catch the first glimpses of the magnificent scenery of the Sierra Nevadas. This is quite different in its character from that of the Rocky Mountains. There the line passes at the foot of bleak and sterile crags. Now we are rapidly descending from the lofty table land between the Rocky Mountains and the Nevadas down the sides of the latter into the valley of the Sacramento—the descent being upwards of 7000

feet. The road is a continuous series of serpentine curves and inclined planes cut into the sides of the mountains, and cut through and out of forests of pine. At Shady Run, which we reach just at sunrise, while it is all bright above, the deep valleys below are filled with violet vapour, deepening in hue with the depth of the abysses. We see the junction of Blue Canon Creek and the North Fork of the American river through a chasm 2000 feet deep. Wherever the view opens we behold a sea of foliage, the trees having a curious wave-like effect. The two most wonderful scenes are near Serpentine Ravine and at Cape Horn. They break suddenly upon the view, and are of overwhelming grandeur, transcending all power of pen, poetry, or painting to communicate to others the revelation of beauty and magnificence which ravishes the eye, and places its spell on the imagination. The train stops at Cape Horn, so that the passengers may "step out and down" to see—for too brief a time—the glories of the scene two thousand feet below, and stretching away for miles in the distance. Surrounded by mountains, we stand midway amidst them, with a precipice below our feet, and see before us a mighty array of pine-clad hills and valleys bathed in the softest

morning light—a scene to be remembered for ever. Soon, however, we move on, and it is interesting to watch the long train describe semicircles, sometimes concave, and sometimes convex, round the windings of the mountains. Often we quake as the trestle bridges creak below us. Then a large surface of hill is seen washed bare, displaying the extent to which placer mining has been carried. Then we watch the miles of iron pipes and wooden sluices which have been constructed to convey streams of running water to the mines. Now and again we shoot through a short tunnel—of which, if we remember rightly, there are only four on the line—and it is remarkable how little tunnelling there has been over these 2000 miles of Pacific road—much less altogether than on the Caledonian Railway in Scotland. At last we have dropped down to Sacramento, and now travel about 140 miles through a rich and cultivated plain, bright with villages, villas, and homesteads, many of which are maintained with an elegance foretelling the proximity of a great and prosperous city. Then comes Oakland, the Brooklyn of San Francisco, where the trains run over the longest pier I ever was upon—two and eight-tenth miles—over the shoal water, until

we reach the large ferry-boat, which tranships us all, bag and baggage, to San Francisco, where the hacks and omnibus men and porters hail us with all the clamour and create all the confusion that greets the arrival of a crowd of passengers at every American city.

THE COLUMBIA RIVER AND THE WILLIAMETTE.

I spent nearly four days in San Francisco on my way to Oregon—a State which I shall describe hereafter, which is possessed of almost every advantage except direct railway communication. There is a gap of 275 miles between the northmost railway station in California (Reading) and the southmost station in Oregon (Roseburg), and it takes forty hours of continuous travelling in an American stage coach over a very rough road. I happened to see one of the stages leave one of the central stations, and the plunging and rocking of the vehicle decided me rather to run the risk of a storm on the Pacific. Oregon will not take her proper position—and a very high position it will be—in the Federation of the United States until she is linked to the other States by being connected with their system of railways. For practical purposes she is more cut off from them than Ireland is from Great Britain, since, instead of a few hours, it takes three or four days to go from San Francisco to Portland. The Oregon people are alive to the

importance of the distance between them and the Eastern States being reduced. It is the uppermost subject in their thoughts, and it is only a question of time as to the want being supplied. It is expected that within three or five years it will be as easy to reach Portland from the East, and as cheap and soon, as to reach San Francisco. Whenever this occurs Oregon will take a new start and have a rapid influx of immigration, as there can be no doubt that its climate is much more suitable to people from the North of Europe than that of most of the Eastern and Middle States. Like California, it has the great advantage of a moderate temperature and cool nights all the year round.

Leaving San Francisco in the steamer *Geo. W. Elder* on a fine morning, accompanied by a genial companion, we had an excellent view of the splendid bay, of which it has been truly said that it would afford shelter to all the navies in the world, while it is almost entirely land-locked, the entrance at the Golden Gate, relative to its great extent, being remarkably narrow. The high land gives good shelter when vessels are once through the Gate—which is the opening between Fort Point and Point Bonita—the island of Alcatraz further acting as a landmark and

breakwater. There is a short bar outside the Gate, where in winter, with a north-west or south-west gale, there is often a heavy broken swell and an ugly cross sea. The tides at San Francisco are not great, and there is a curious variance of one to two feet between their height in the morning and evening. When we passed the bar it was comparatively calm, but there being a slight fog we saw and heard the fog horns blowing regularly at the lighthouses on both sides—the escape of steam being visible long before the sounds were audible. We were now on the great Pacific Ocean, and found it justify its name by the calmness of the sea and the gentleness of the breezes—not sufficient to encourage the setting of sail all the way to the Columbia river. From time to time we had extensive views of the bold coast range of mountains, which rise up like lofty ramparts protecting the Continent from the ocean. There is no flat land between the water and the hills, but the mountains rise up directly from the beach, or more frequently from the waves. There are high headlands all along the coast, but scarcely a single bay into which a vessel of much depth of water can run for shelter during a gale of wind. We left San Francisco on Saturday morning, and when

approaching the Columbia river on Monday afternoon experienced a disagreeable ground swell, consequent on a "Norther," which we afterwards learned had blown there the previous night, although it had not reached us. It was quite dark when we crossed the bar, and the Elder made lively work with her rolling, which several ladies on board attributed to the original depravity of the ship rather than to the roughness of the sea. Once inside the buoy all were merry as possible, and not a few landed at Astoria to enjoy dishes of small oysters, which are of excellent quality. The Astorians believe theirs will ultimately become the great port of the Columbia river, being so near its mouth, but the ground is so steep that there is little room for a town to grow except as it is now doing, upon piles over the river. Astoria seems too far from the wheat-growing valleys to become a great depot for shipment.

Our steamer remained at Astoria till day-break the following morning, when we were up betimes to observe the beauty of the Columbia, which is undoubtedly one of the finest rivers in the world. It contains an immense body of water, and, although injured at present by a few shoals, is capable of being made as excellent

for navigation as it is for its scenery and fishings. Our anticipations of its beauty were more than realised. At Astoria it is a magnificent sheet of water six miles wide. Gradually it narrows till its regular width becomes from a mile to half a mile, its banks varying in height from one to several hundred feet, wooded to the top. Above Astoria it widens out to a large lake, then we pass between a group of islands, then a number of salmon canneries, where large numbers of Chinamen are in the season employed in canning salmon for exportation. Many of the turns on our course are exceedingly beautiful, in the contrast between the broad tranquil river and the lofty, pine-clad braes, on which are exquisite sites for thousands of villas in the future. Ever and anon the majestic snow-clad forms of Mount St Helens and Mount Hood come into view. Looking upon this sparsely-populated region now, one cannot but feel a desire to return a few centuries hence and see the changes which will be wrought, when Oregon will probably contain many millions of population, and Portland will be the London of the North Pacific Coast. The recent freshet had temporarily diminished the depth of water at one part of the river; but Colonel

Wilson, of the United States Survey, merely desiderates a good dredger to secure, at a comparatively slight cost, a sufficient depth for the largest merchant vessels. All the way up the Columbia we heard of the large profits made in the canning of salmon during the present year. As always happens, there is some danger of the business being overdone, and of the fisheries being permanently injured by reckless and wasteful fishing. Hence the Oregon Legislature is already being petitioned to lay down regulations under which the fishings shall be conducted. At certain seasons the whole river seems to swarm with fish. The canneries were closed before our arrival ; but we can understand how prolific the Columbia is, having seen the water coloured by myriads of trout at the Cascades. The demand for Oregon salmon has been greater this year and the returns more profitable than ever before, so that it is worth taking some care of a crop which needs so little outlay, and is harvested with so little labour and expense. As yet there are few places of any importance except the Fisheries on the Columbia. Westport takes its name from ex-Senator West, a Scotchman from Dalkeith, who was one of the first to become rich in the canning trade. Kalama was

one of those places we sometimes fall upon in America, which, having had a brief prosperity, have suddenly collapsed. At one time it was expected to become the chief station of the Northern Pacific Railway on the Columbia, and town lots were sold at a high price on that expectation; but when Jay Cooke "busted" Kalama "busted" along with him, and now its chief hotel and about two-thirds of its houses are unoccupied. St Helens has a large sawmill, and vessels, when the river is low, go down there to load up their cargoes, after taking in the greater part of their freight at Portland. A little above St Helens we come to the Slough of the Willamette—a backwater navigable even in winter, when the Columbia is disturbed by drift ice. Further on, at a point where the military station of Vancouver is visible, we enter the Willamette proper, and after steaming up it for an hour come in sight of Portland.

Portland is spoken of by some people as "the greatest little city in the United States." Not having seen all the cities in the States, I am not presumptuous enough to say that it is so; but certainly I have never seen a town of 15,000 inhabitants where the merchants have built such splendid warehouses and wharves, or the shop-

keepers such handsome shops, or the merchants such elegant villas. Some small men have large brains, and here is a little place with great ideas. Enterprising men of Portland have had the foresight to plan and the boldness to carry out their plans with a view to conducting business on a large scale. Hence the warehouses and wharves of men like John M'Cracken, Donald M'Leay, Allen & Lewis; the stores of Messrs Goldsmith, White, and others; the market buildings and offices erected by Mr Ankeny; and many of the shops in First Street, are of a size that seems prodigious for a town as yet only in its infancy. When, however, we saw eight or nine large ships waiting for cargoes in the river, and were told that a month or two later there would be considerably more, and that in addition to the two railways some thirty river steamers would be engaged bringing wheat for shipment, we could realise the necessity for such premises. Portland is to Oregon what Montreal is to Canada, or St Louis to Missouri, and it is just now relatively where those towns were in the beginning of the century. The marks of the great flood which occurred in June are still visible on many of the houses, and the streets, which are paved and planked with

wood, are still under course of repair. I was driven all over the city, which, although of so much less population, occupies at least half as much ground as Dundee. Living in flats is here unknown. Any well-conducted clerk, mechanic, or workman can possess a neat self-contained house. The houses, although built of wood, appear very comfortable, and are neatly finished inside, while each has its own lot of ground outside. From the moderate temperature in winter stoves are not required, and open fireplaces give abundant heat. The only risk is from conflagration, which is guarded against by a fire brigade, divided according to districts, and warned by telegraph signals. In the business part of the town, within what are known as "fire limits," wooden buildings are now prohibited. Nowhere were we received with greater kindness than by hospitable friends in Portland, who did everything to make our visit agreeable.

The situation of Portland is such as to provide ample space for the growth of the town on both sides of the river. It can have a very extensive frontage, while its buildings range backwards in streets known by their numbers, as First, Second, Third Street, and so on. The ground slopes upwards to the base of a spur of the Coast range

of mountains, and the situation generally is not unlike that of Montreal. If the citizens are wise they will, like those of Montreal, acquire the hill behind for a Public Park. As yet the public buildings are not imposing; but, considering that the whole place is the growth of a little more than twenty years, its development is wonderful.

Having given this letter chiefly to the Columbia river, I may close by mentioning a day's expedition upon it as far west as the Cascades, where the first stage of navigation terminates, the second beginning in another class of vessels above. We left Portland in a river steamer, the first in which we had been that was driven by a stern wheel—one large paddle projecting from the stern of the boat. The action of these boats is easy and steady—much more so than that of the screw-propeller—and it is said to cause less wash on the banks. After leaving the Willamette and passing Vancouver we sail for about six hours through scenery not a little resembling that of the Caledonian Canal, except that there is more timber on the mountains, which are often nearer and of much greater height than in Scotland. Here, too, waterfalls, comparatively rare in the Lower Columbia,

are frequent. At one point there is a grand formation of basaltic rock—a long steep cliff cut through apparently by the water. At another islands of rock rise suddenly from the water, and at another regiments of mountain heights come marching forward as if to invade the river, which, however, arrests their advance ; and near the Cascades, on the left bank, is a stupendous rock, 1400 feet high, called by some the Roost, and by others Castle Rock, which is seen for miles above and below. The Cascades are caused by the descent of the Columbia (about sixty feet) through a narrow rocky gorge about six miles in length. The river above has been dammed up by Nature into a picturesque lake, but as soon as it reaches the Cascades it rushes down with violent haste over all impediments till it reaches the level of the lower Columbia. It is grand to see such an immense body of water gorged in so narrow a ravine, and to mark how, after its brief period of wild agitation, it again becomes calm and silent—mighty alike in its excitement and in its repose.

OREGON SCENERY, TOWNS, AND FARMS.

Oregon is a country of snow-clad mountains, of rich and fertile valleys, and of many streambed rivers. Its principal valley—the Willamette—is embosomed between two mountain ranges—the Coast Range and the Cascades, which shelter it from both Western and Eastern gales. Storms of wind and thunderstorms are alike rare. Of all parts of the world its former and its latter rain appear most sure. Since white men settled in it drought has been unknown, and not a single harvest has been lost. In winter it is warmed by the Japan current. In summer it is cooled by the breezes which descend from its backbone—the Alpine range. It has not yet become the fashion of our Alpine climbers to go far afield, but now that they have nearly exhausted Mont Blanc, the Jungfrau, the Matterhorn, and the Rothorn, I commend to their attention Mount St Helens, Mount Hood, Mount Rainier, and Mount Baker—mountains which stand like sentinels fifty or sixty miles apart, mighty icebergs moored fast in the Cascade range, that never melt and never

disappear from the horizon. Beginning with Mount Shasta in California, the extension of the Nevadas northward is distinguished by the uprise at almost regular distances of these snow-mantled giants, which increase in height as you go north, until half-a-dozen of them can be seen at once, averaging upwards of 10,000 feet high. They are magnificent landmarks, perpetually cool and serene, while their pyramidal forms reduce to mere children's playthings the Pyramids of Egypt, and illustrate the difference between the handiwork even of a Cheops and that of the Creator. As yet the American Alps have been very imperfectly explored, and the Alpine Club has work in the far West for half a century to come.

My Portland friends, in order that I might acquaint myself with the appearance of the country and its resources, arranged for my travelling through the Willamette Valley to Eugene City, a distance of 125 miles, and then driving back and across the country, a distance of about 100 miles, to the end of the West Side Railway, some 50 miles from Portland. In this way I saw two large and interesting sections of country, and was nearly four days familiarising myself with Oregon farms and homesteads.

After leaving Portland by the East Side Railway we pass through a number of dairy farms, surrounded, generally, by timber lands. At Milwaukie, the first place of any importance, there are large flour mills and tanneries, and also the orchard from which most of the splendid fruit trees in Oregon originally sprung. A still livelier place is Oregon city, which was marked on the maps and mentioned in geographies before Portland was known. Here is a miniature Niagara, supplying, however, a much greater water power to flour, paper, timber, and woollen mills than has been turned to account at Niagara itself. The wool and flour mills are of considerable extent, and this little city, if it had enjoyed better navigation, might have become, as it formerly aspired to be, the leading town in the State. The navigation, however, is here interrupted by cascades, and for sea-going vessels Portland is practically at the head of navigation. By means of canals and locks river steamers ascend the Willamette a long distance above even Oregon, and thus keep the railways in check, as many large farms have their own landings for the shipment of wheat and produce, besides the landings at the towns and villages. The Willamette is a

picturesque winding river, well wooded on both sides, but when the stream is low the steamers are from twenty to thirty feet below the banks, so that little of the surrounding country can be seen. From Oregon City, therefore, we continue our journey by railway, and before reaching Salem come into an open prairie country, the fertility of which may be measured by the frequency of the railway stations and the prosperous appearance of the small towns. These have all considerable resemblance to each other. Near to the station, and generally parallel to the railway, is the principal business street, and conspicuous in it are the restaurants, saloons, and stores. Not uncommonly trees are planted, boulevard fashion, in the streets, which intersect each other at right angles. The houses are almost invariably of wood ; they are painted white, and the paint generally kept fresh. The roofs are shingled, and as these are not painted, a year's exposure to the weather gives them very much the colour of slates. In the shop streets the upper front of the buildings is often kept square, and used for signboards. The footpath is generally covered over with a verandah for shelter, which saves blinds. The basement storey is commonly twelve to fifteen feet high, the

American storekeepers believing in height, and even in the smallest villages this is the case. So also is the prevalence of large plate-glass windows, and it is remarkable how in these country places in America the latest novelties and most fashionable articles are to be seen in the stores. Beyond the store streets are others with dwellings, all self-contained, each on its own lot, raised generally a few feet from the ground, sometimes with shrubs growing in front of it, often with trees shading it. Then there is always one, commonly two or three, little churches, with their neat little spires rising from the roof. The largest and most prominent building of all is the Public Schoolhouse, ordinarily of two, and sometimes of three storeys. It may be known both by its size and the square or circular belfry in the centre of the roof. This predominance of the common school is a characteristic of all American hamlets and towns. The smallest places with only half-a-dozen houses are built on a plan admitting their extension to large cities, and it is amusing how many places are called cities which seem very unlikely ever to be more than villages. We heard, indeed, of a single house in one place being christened a city.

When we come to a place like Salem we see a State town, with State House and other public buildings, investing it with considerable dignity ; and the streets are laid out with a spaciousness and elegance making them desirable places for residence. On returning here we visited the new State House, and were present at a meeting of the Senate, which was in Session, and conducting its proceedings in the most orderly manner, with very little "speechification." We were favoured by Governor Grover—who had just been elected United States Senator, which will remove him next March to Washington—with an interesting interview. Mr Grover is quite a polished gentleman, and will uphold the dignity of Oregon wherever he may be placed. His successor in the Governorship will be the present able Secretary of State, Mr Chadwick, with whom we also had a pleasant conversation, and received from him some useful documents just presented to the Parliament of Oregon. The State House at Salem has not cost one-tenth of the sum spent on that at Springfield, Illinois, the Oregonians being exceedingly economical in their ideas of public expenditure. It is built of brick, made by convicts at the rate of about three dollars per thousand, while the ordinary

cost of bricks in the State is from ten to twelve dollars. In course of time it will be cemented : at present it may be useful, but certainly it is not handsome. A few stations beyond Albany we come to Jefferson, where a young Dundonian in charge of a large flour mill, which is driven by water-power, and belongs to Messrs Corbitt & Macleay, is on the outlook for us, and accepts our invitation to accompany us for some time on our trip. Albany, like Salem, is situated in the centre of a rich wheat-growing district, and having fine water-power, has numerous, flour, woollen, and other mills. Like Salem, it has many handsome private residences, a first-class hotel, and very pleasant sheltered avenues. Leaving it we pass by rail through the Willamette Valley on to Eugene City, where an estimable and cultivated gentleman is awaiting our arrival, ready with his carriage to drive us a few miles away to rest for the night. Before sunset we climb a neighbouring Butte, which might be denominated Pisgah on account of the lovely views obtained from it in all directions. The Willamette Valley stretches for a great distance in front, with the Coast Range to the left and the Cascade Range to the right. Towards sunset we are struck

with the rosy hue which surrounds, not the western, but the eastern horizon, and which gradually purples, and then disappears into the clearest blue. Immediately below us on the left is a fork of the Willamette embowered in trees, and near are natural parks which might be taken for part of a nobleman's estate in England. So far as its natural scenery is concerned, Oregon enjoys almost every variety that can be desired—level plains, undulating, or, as it is called here, "rolling land," innumerable streams, lofty highlands, and colossal mountains. No sooner had the sun set than we found it necessary to hasten to our friend's, the twilight being very short. After dinner we greatly enjoyed the company of our host, who, having been formerly one of the Surveyors employed by the United States Government in surveying and mapping out the country, was full of minute and valuable information with regard to the proposed routes for direct railway connection between Oregon and the Central or Union Pacific Railways. Conversing with this gentleman on a variety of subjects, general and political, we felt that, possessing many such as he, the United States need not despond about their future. They have a reserve of wisdom and experience

which may be relied upon to guide them in any emergency.

On the following morning we rose at daylight and breakfasted early, in order to begin our drive through a considerable portion of the most cultivated country in the States. We were driving with only an hour's intermission from nearly sunrise till after sunset, and all that time through cultivated land. The very wet spring this year had been in the low level lands more injurious to the wheat crop than had ever previously been known. In some places it had prevented spring wheat being sown till almost the end of June ; but the climate will be understood when we mention that we were shown some wheat which had been sown on the 22d June and which was cut and thrashed on the 22d September. The greater part of the wheat was gathered in during the last week of September, when we were passing through the State, and what was left was being rapidly "headed" and thrashed. Reaping with sickle or scythe is practically unknown. Reaping machines and "headers"—principally headers on the large farms—are used, and it is a very lively sight to see two headers and a steam-thrashing machine at work in a large field. The headers

generally go pretty near together. Each is driven by four and sometimes by six horses, besides two in the waggon which accompanies it at the side. The great advantage of the climate here is that perfectly dry weather can be calculated for completing all the harvest operations in the field, even to the sacking of the corn. The only pity is that the great bulk of the straw is burned on the ground as the easiest and cheapest way of disposing of it. Comparatively little is required or used for fodder, and very little of it is ever collected for manure.

Although greater in extent the Willamette valley is not unlike Strathmore. The Coast Range greatly resembles in configuration the hills from Dunsinane to Kinpurnie and on towards Forfar; while on the other side there are yellow-brown braes in the foreground, and jagged peaks and snow-clad mountains in the background. Here the roads shew a discreditable neglect of guide-posts, and are little better than broad stripes of land worn into sandy ruts, which makes the vehicle "jolt" fearfully, and creates a desire for the well-macadamised roads of the old country. The prevailing fence is the zig-zag rail or "snake" fence—rails put together without nails. The wealthier farmers are now

putting up good posts and squared rails. There are very few hedges, and the roads certainly are not picturesque. Fern collectors in the old country may be informed that they would be welcomed in Oregon by the thousand, as the fern (*Pteris aquilina*) is the most troublesome weed the Oregon farmer has to contend against, although its presence is always a sign of good land. Many of the farmhouses we pass are exceedingly neat in style, and the farmers' wives and daughters we meet driving out in their buggies or waggon have all a well-to-do, and sometimes even elegant, appearance. The absence of outhouses of any extent is remarkable on the prairie farms, the large "steadings" we are accustomed to in Scotland really not being required.

We visited one farm, however, where even some of our best Scotch farmers might get an occasional hint. Mr Hy. E. Ankeny kindly drove us from Albany to spend an evening, and on the following day go round his model farm, which both in its situation, size, arrangements, and appliances is the finest we have ever seen. It extends to 4680 acres, of which 3500 are cleared and under regular cultivation. It has a fine slope from the North and East to the South

and West, and is bounded on the West by the Willamette, on the banks of which are two granaries and a landing, from which the whole produce of the farm can be shipped to Portland in steamers passing every day. Being an aggregate of eight smaller farms, several of the previous farmhouses are occupied by the farm servants, of whom there are twenty regularly employed—several of them being from Scotland. At the time of our visit Mr Ankeny had thrashed and sacked all this year's crop of wheat, and was ploughing for autumn sowing. He has one field of 300 acres regularly in wheat, and it may interest Scotch farmers to know that the cost of heading wheat stands him at only 1 dol. 25 cents, or about five shillings per acre, and of thrashing the wheat five cents, or 2½d, per bushel. Mr Ankeny has about 15,000 bushels this year. He also has about 300 head of cattle, 40 horses, 640 sheep, and 100 hogs. It is a dairy as well as a wheat farm, and his product of cheese last year was 45,380 lbs., and this year will be fully 50,000 lbs., besides 800 lbs. of butter a month during the six winter months. To one who is not a practical farmer the cow byre seemed to be perfect in its plan. It is 102 feet in length by 66 feet in width, and in two

storeys—the upper one 16 feet high, for the barn, being reached by an inclined plane, so that the carts and waggons drive the grass and hay direct into it. It holds easily 200 tons of hay. The byre itself is divided into four alleys, holding 32 cows each, and the cows have their necks through moveable upright stanchions, with latches so contrived that one man in two or three minutes can fasten or unloose every cow in the byre. There is a small tramway for moving the feeding stuff, which consists of hay, mill feed, or steam feed, according to the season. No litter is used; the droppings fall into channels filled with sawdust or bark, and there is a system of drains for carrying off the liquid manure to tanks—Mr Ankeny not permitting any waste. The arrangements for cheesemaking in the dairy are admirable, and here, too, the whey is drained off for the benefit of the hogs. An experienced farmer who was with us, and who was accustomed to Scotch and New Zealand ploughs, specially admired the lightness of the American ploughs, some of which we saw a man lifting into a waggon without any assistance. Of course, they would not be strong enough for our heavy clays or stony hillside lands. Everything that a steam-engine can do on

a farm is done by Mr Ankeny's locomotive—such as threshing in the field, cutting food, steaming food, churning butter, sawing timber, &c. All the soap required on the farm is made by a very simple process from the house fat. The byre, barn, and dairy system seems as nearly perfect as it can be made, and all works under the advantage of an excellent supply of water by gravitation—the whole farm, indeed, being well watered throughout. Altogether it is a place that a Prince might envy.

In driving us next morning to Salem, Mr Ankeny—who is a man of great intelligence and energy—drove by an eminence from which we saw five snow-clad mountains—Rainier, St Helens, Adams, Hood, and Jefferson, besides the three snow peaks known as the Three Sisters. We could also see to the South the counties of Lane, Linn, Benton, Polk, and Marion ; and to the North Multnomah, Clackamas, and Yamhill. This was altogether a most enjoyable ride. After spending two or three hours at Salem, we drove to Col. Nesmith's 3000-acre farm ; strolled with the Colonel into his magnificent orchard ; visited Mrs Nesmith's fruit cellar, and saw how Oregon ladies preserve fruit ; and, finally, had the pleasure of looking over the Colonel's well-

stocked library, and hear him tell some capital anecdotes in "guid braid Scotch." Col. Nesmith was eight years in Congress and one of the humorists at Washington, and impressed us as a man of no ordinary vigour. We ended a long day by driving to Lafayette, where we slept, and next morning went by the first train to Portland, passing through Yamhill County, some stretches of which are quite like some parts of the Scotch Highlands, and are much affected by Scotch settlers for that reason. We saw, in passing, Mr S. G. Reed's stock farm Reedville, the handsome buildings upon which were erected under the supervision of Mr Wm. Watson, son of Mr Hugh Watson of Keillor. Then we crossed the lofty hill range and descended into Portland with the conviction that there is land enough in Oregon to grow immense quantities of wheat; but the State is as yet only sparsely populated, and the greater part of the land that is under cultivation is wastefully farmed, as all new land in new countries is apt to be. In fifty or a hundred years farms in the style of Reedville and Ankeny will probably be the rule and not the exception. There seem to be fine openings in Oregon for skilful farmers, but we would advise them to look

out for hill lands or rolling prairie, the level prairie and bottom lands near the rivers being subject to "chills and fevers," or ague, of which emigrants should be forewarned, as what the emigrants call "mean diseases," and very much to be avoided. It should also be remembered that there is a long rainy season, when the country cannot have the cheerful appearance under which we saw it.

PUGET SOUND AND BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Having often read of the magnificent Mediterranean Sea and Archipelago of the West Coast of America, and finding that I could return to San Francisco as economically and almost as easily that way as any other, I took a through ticket from Portland by Kalama, Tacoma, and Victoria. This enabled me to go right through Washington Territory, a considerable part of the south shore of which I had already seen, and it also enabled me to see a large part of Puget Sound, which I would have been sorry to miss. In the railway journey through Washington, except for a short time on the Cowlitz River, and occasional glimpses of what are known as "pocket" lands, there is little to be seen but trees. Hour after hour you travel through a forest—the longest forest ride I have ever taken. Here and there fertile valleys are cultivated, and in one of them—the valley of the Puyaloup—about 2000 Indians are employed cultivating and picking hops, which has proved very profitable, the hops being of excellent quality. The great feature, however, of Washington Territory

is its timber, and, if we did not remember what vast forests in the Eastern States have been cleared away, we might suppose there was timber enough here to last the world for centuries to come. What is seen along the line of railway is not of the large size which is found in the foot hills, and the best trees have already been cut down.

Tacoma, on Puget Sound, was at one time spoken of as the terminus of the Northern Pacific Railway, and until that railway shall be constructed it is not likely to become of much importance. I shall remember the place chiefly for the splendour of Mount Rainier, as its massive snow-clad form and rugged peaks appeared incarnadined at sunset. The after-glow did not continue so long as I have witnessed it on the Jungfrau; but, after the rosy hue had disappeared, the immense rock-iceberg almost made one shiver while gazing on its livid sides. All night and the following day our steamer coasted from point to point, taking on board quantities of dead meat, butter, eggs, &c., to be landed at the stations lower down, where either there is little land suitable for farming or the people are more profitably occupied. Seattle, in consequence of the

proximity of coal, of fair quality and easily worked, is the largest and most flourishing of the upper ports. The chief of several large lumbering establishments is that of Messrs Pope & Talbot, at Port Gamble, where six large ocean sailing ships were being loaded when we called. These places are generally located in inlets and natural harbours, some of which are very picturesque. As the steam boilers cannot consume half the refuse wood made by the mills, they can generally be seen by the smoke of the burning slabs long before you reach them. Except in thick weather, steamers have little difficulty in navigating the sound, but it is in a few of the bays only where the depth of water does not prevent sailing vessels finding an anchorage. If it were only possible to moor them, all the ships in the world could be sheltered in this magnificent inland sea.

So far as scenery is concerned, Puget Sound is among the many grand views any one of which would have made my visit to America memorable. Except from a pleasant breeze, caused by the movement of the boat, there was scarcely a ripple on its deep blue waters during the whole day. As our course zig-zagged from one winding inlet to another we had an ever-

changing panorama of the snow-clad mountains of the Cascade Range—Mounts Rainier and St Helen gradually receding from, and Mount Baker coming into the foreground. Few in Europe have any idea of the mass, height, and ruggedness of these mountains, especially of Baker and St Helen. Ever and anon new peaks and new ranges come into view, while the sand-rock shores and fir-clad heights are mirrored in the waters below. The icy-cold aspect of the mountains, the dark sides of the Coast Range, with their upper fringes of snow, contrasting with the unclouded brightness of the sky and the perfect stillness of the water, over which a slight heat-haze extends, produces an ineffaceable impression on the mind.

Leaving Port Townsend, where quite an array of Indian belles in their tawdry finery are watching those who land from the boat, we cross the Straits, and pass at no great distance from the San Juan archipelago ; and here we cannot but lament that, through the ignorance of our Statesmen, and the stupidity of our Diplomats, so much splendid territory in Oregon, Washington, and San Juan has, at different times, been lost to Great Britain. Such losses ought to be a warning to our Governments to appoint none

but well-informed men of business to negotiate treaties and determine boundaries. Before sunset we enter the small landlocked harbour of Victoria, somewhat too narrow and rocky for ocean vessels. Within a short distance is Esquimault, a miniature bay of San Francisco, having deep water, and being protected from every wind that blows. It is a very picturesque little fiord, and will enable the Victorians ultimately to carry on a large ocean traffic, as a short canal about a quarter of a mile in length will connect it with Victoria Harbour. The San Francisco steamers and other large vessels, including Her Majesty's ships, regularly use it. Victoria itself is now steadily recovering from the severe depression which followed the inflation that immediately attended the gold discoveries in 1858. The British element is strong here, but has curious American-like developments in the style of the streets, shops, and restaurants, and with specially large outcroppings of Indians and Chinese. Lord Dufferin had just left before our arrival, and the talk was largely about the extension of the Canadian Pacific Railway to Victoria—a dream of the future which the Victorians insist shall be fulfilled regardless of expense. I have no doubt

that the Canadian Government—whoever may be in office—will work steadily in that direction, so far as they can do so without overstraining the resources of the Dominion.

Soon after landing in Victoria I was sought out by Dr Tolmie, a member of the Colonial Legislature, and an excellent specimen of the old servants of the Hudson's Bay Company. Like many others of them, he came from Scotland in his youth, and gave the best of his days to the Company's service, in the course of which he became familiar with a wide range of North American territory. His reminiscences were to me exceedingly interesting, and it is to be hoped he will yet give to the world the benefit of his intimate acquaintance with the Indian tribes, and his researches into their languages and dialects. I received from him a considerable amount of information with regard to British Columbia, the immediate prospects of which depend upon the success attending its mining operations. The gold mines have since 1858 produced about £8,000,000 sterling, and last year the production was larger than in any year since 1867, amounting to about £500,000, which was extracted by only 2000 men. The search for gold in British Columbia has been marked by

all those surprises and fluctuations which are common to gold mining—the miners having at times done wonderfully well, while at others they have been bitterly disappointed. The more general use of machinery will probably equalise the results. Of greater permanent value to this Province of the Dominion than its gold mines will no doubt be its coal, of which several mines, yielding anthracite, ship, house, and gas coal, are now being worked—the output having increased from 81,000 tons in 1874 to 110,000 in 1875, and it is believed considerably more this year. Some of the coal crops out at a considerable height near the coast, giving great facilities for shipment. As the gold mines are not worked in winter, most of the miners return to Victoria, and give a large increase to its population during the winter months, and a harvest to the shopkeepers. From what I heard of the scenery of the upper part of Fraser River I should have been glad had time permitted me to visit it, but the City of Panama was awaiting her passengers in Esquimault Harbour, and I was obliged to go on board, not, however, before being driven by Dr Tolmie to enjoy the hospitalities of his pleasant retreat at Cloverdale, and to see the interesting scenery around Victoria.

After steaming out from Esquimault we had a grand view of the Straits of Fuca. The Olympic Range, on the Washington side, rising steeply 7000 to 8000 feet above the Strait, is almost terrible in its grandeur, especially when seen as we saw it in the approaching gloom of night. The many high, sharp peaks looked like an enormous saw with its teeth cutting the sky; while the snow on their upper ranges contrasted strongly with the deep purple of the lower reaches, which have their feet in the depths of the Straits. Soon after sunset a dense fog set in which hid all from view, and the fog horn of the steamer was blown regularly, not only to prevent collision with other vessels, but on the chance of hearing its echo from either of the shores, which would warn of too close approach. Almost the whole way to San Francisco the fog made the bellowing music of the steam horn familiar to our ears, and very little was seen of the coast till we again approached the Golden Gate, after passing through which we speedily entered into sunshine, and were again struck by the fine appearance of the splendid fleet of large ships at anchor in the Bay of San Francisco, some about to load, and some deeply laden with wheat for British ports.

SAN FRANCISCO.

San Francisco, if not swallowed up by earthquakes, seems destined to become one of the greatest and wealthiest cities in the world. Possessing a splendid Harbour, it is already a great shipping port : it is the immediate outlet for one of the most fertile wheat, fruit, and vine-growing regions on the Western Continent ; it is the centre of the most productive gold, silver, and quicksilver mines ; it is as yet, and will probably always continue, the principal highway for American commerce with China, Japan, India, New Zealand, and Australia ; and, superadded to all these advantages, its climate is perhaps better adapted to the Anglo-Saxon race than any other out of the British Isles, so that the men who live there can do more work all the year round without fatigue or exhaustion than elsewhere. Taking the whole year, it is neither so hot nor so cold in San Francisco as in London, and there is far more sunshine, which gives more brightness and zest to life. Except in the comparatively brief rainy season, clear sunshine may be calculated upon in the mornings, with a cool

breeze from the sea in the afternoons, and the nights are always cold enough to make warm clothing enjoyable and to favour refreshing sleep. At San Francisco ague, "fevers and chills," the curse of some of the finest portions of America, are unknown—unless imported; and severe frost and heavy storms of wind or thunder seldom, if ever, occur. Sometimes there are fogs sufficient to remind any one of the East Coast of England; but taken altogether the climate seems admirably adapted for Germans, Scandinavians, and "Britishers," while men and women who would die in the Eastern States, go to California and live and thrive.

Travelling from the East by the Central Pacific Railway, the train does not stop at San Francisco, but on the long pier at Oakland, on the east side of the Bay. The ferry is some five or six miles wide, and, crossing in the huge steam ferry boat, you first pass Goat Island, one of a number of rocky islands in the bay, fortified and lighted by the United States Government. Then San Francisco comes into sight, the public buildings and houses extending over a succession of billowy ridges—a bird's-eye view giving the peninsula on which the city stands the appearance of a petrified storm at sea.

There are about a dozen streets considerable portions of which are as steep as the Constitution Brae in Dundee. So far as buildings are concerned the town cannot be compared with St Louis, Chicago, or New York. It is in a state of transition from wooden frames and common brick to cement and stone. The streets are without exception the worst paved of any place of importance in the States. Sections of wood pavement have been laid down—not in the scientific manner followed in London, but so carelessly that the rain throws it all up and out, and makes a ride upon it fearfully uncomfortable. In the higher parts of the town the streets cross sand hills, and the dust in dry weather is most disagreeable. There ought to be a revolution amongst the City Supervisors, as the members of the City Council are called, unless they proceed forthwith to make the street pavement more decent. That it can be done is obvious from the finely macadamised roads in the Park, where the “beauty and fashion” of San Francisco may be seen driving in handsome equipages, while hundreds of buggies—singles and pairs—are driven by gentlemen after business hours. Not even in the Central Park at New York are there finer teams—the people

of San Francisco having a great liking for good horses. The ordinary rate at which they drive seems to be about half as fast again as in England, and there are several notices up in the Park announcing that it is not allowed to drive faster than ten miles an hour, which seem more honoured in the breach than the observance. All through the States the horses are very lively and well kept, and nowhere more so than in San Francisco. One of the things to "do" here is to drive through the Park to the Cliff House to see the "sea lions" gambolling on the rocky islets immediately in front, while the Golden Gate is close to the right; then you drive on the beach to the music of the surf of the Pacific Ocean as far as the Ocean House; and back through a rugged highland district, where the valleys are irrigated and tilled by Italian market gardeners, till you come to a high point, from which you have splendid views of the Bay and the city, the extent of both being surprising. San Francisco is said to spread over 42 square miles, although its population as yet is under 300,000. How far will it reach when it has a million? It is very exhilarating to be driven rapidly down the steep, winding, and gusty road, as we were by a friend, who handled his

horses well, so that we had no cause to fear a sudden overturn.

The principal business street, where the merchants, shipbrokers, and especially the mining stockbrokers most do congregate, is California Street, the corner of which, near Montgomery Street, is generally crowded with dealers and speculators in mining shares. Close at hand is the Mining Board, which even surpasses the Board of Trade at Chicago in the clamour, vehemence, and seemingly bellicose and pugilistic style of its proceedings. The clanging of a piece of iron, which calls to order, is followed for some seconds by what to the uninitiated appears the most riotous disorder—a score of men jumping up all round and rushing into the centre ejaculating unintelligible sounds, which, however, are all recorded by the clerk, who then reads off the transactions; and similar scenes and sounds are repeated until the share list is gone through. In California Street may often be seen the Bonanza Kings—Flood, O'Brien, Mackay, and Fair. Flood and O'Brien, now two of the wealthiest men in the world I was told, formerly kept a lunch saloon. Along with Mackay and Fair they belie the general supposition that Irishmen have not got business heads on their

shoulders. Many others who have made large fortunes in mines and mining shares were named to me, including William Sharon, who owns the Palace Hotel, and who placed his whole fortune at the disposal of the California Bank after W. C. Ralston's death, on condition that Mr Mills resumed its management. No man, perhaps, stands so high in reputation and esteem on the West Coast as the present Manager of the Bank of California. He had accumulated the largest fortune in San Francisco as a banker, having along with his brother brought a considerable sum from the East to begin banking with. He had the credit of firmly establishing the Bank of California, and, when he resigned its management, left it with a surplus of \$3,000,000 and earning splendid profits. W. C. Ralston, by his over-reaching speculations, dissipated the entire reserve and squandered the whole shareholders' capital. At his death the liabilities of the Bank were \$20,000,000, and unless arrangements had been made for meeting these hundreds of persons and firms must have been ruined. All eyes turned to Mr D. O. Mills, and he was assured that if he would resume the management every dollar should be forthcoming to carry on the Bank. A powerful syndicate was formed

guaranteeing the enormous sum required, and Mr Mills, to his undying honour as a financier—although he had completely retired from business, and was living at his ease at his beautiful residence on the Bay, named Millsbrae—stepped into the breach, and devoted himself as earnestly to the salvation as he had previously done to the success of the Bank. Its credit is now thoroughly re-established; its securities, instead of being slaughtered in a panic, have been prudently realised; all its obligations have been met and will be met; the mischief, instead of spreading to other Banks and Institutions, was kept just where it originated; and in the financial history of the world never was what for a time seemed a monstrous and irretrievable disaster so successfully limited and dwarfed in its dimensions or so quickly remedied. I had the pleasure of meeting Mr Mills in the Bank parlour and receiving courteous attention from him, but did not learn till some time afterwards the full extent of his heroic self-denial in coming to the rescue, not only of the Bank, but also of the general financial solvency and credit of California. When San Francisco begins to erect statues to its great men, Mr Mills is certainly entitled to one of them.

Next to the Mining and Banking are the Railway Magnates. Until the West Coast was linked with the East by the Pacific Railways, California was practically as much insulated from the Eastern States and from the rest of the world as Australia. Not only so, but the Eastern States, having done little for the West Coast States, had very slight hold upon them, and it was evident when the death struggle broke out between North and South that, unless a closer bond could be established between East and West, the latter would resolve themselves into a separate Republic. The difficulty was how to obtain the speedy construction of two thousand miles of railway across the Prairies, the Alkali Plains, the Rocky Mountains, and the Sierra Nevadas. Half-a-dozen shrewd, energetic men living at the small town of Sacramento, possessed of very little capital, but of great foresight, pluck, and perseverance, saw their opportunity and seized it. They undertook, if the Government would give them a certain sum per mile and a certain number of square miles of land along the line, that they would make it. Another set of men in the East came under a similar obligation, and a race began between the men in the East, who called theirs the Union

Pacific, and the men in the West, who called theirs the Central Pacific, till they ultimately met at Ogden. The Union from Omaha to Ogden is 1032 miles in length—the longest because the easiest half—the Union men having also done a good stroke by contracting with Brigham Young to employ a large force of Mormons in grading the western section of their line. From San Francisco to Ogden is 882 miles ; and the crossing of the Sierra Nevadas was a difficult undertaking, besides which all the plant, rails, and rolling stock had to be shipped round Cape Horn to California. The men who achieved the rapid construction of the Central were Leland Stanford, the President ; C. P. Huntington, Vice-President ; E. B. Crocker, Chas. Crocker, and Mark Hopkins, the Directors of the Line. They still take a very active share in its management. They have realised large fortunes, and Mr Stanford and one or two others have very handsome and costly residences in San Francisco. None of them, however, are sordid men, and their sole ambition apparently is to extend their railway dominion over the whole West Coast of North America. As fast as they make money they put it into new railway extensions. They have run a direct line to Los Angeles, and are ramifying

branches of it through Southern California. Their object is to control the approach of the Southern Pacific to California. They are also credited with the intention of annexing Oregon to their system, by acquiring the Oregon lines and connecting with them at Winnemucca and Redding. If they do this they will be at the head of the most extensive railway system in the world. I should not be surprised if one Company should yet command a line from New York to Chicago and San Francisco in the West, Portland in the North-west, and San Diego in the South-west.

Although Mining and Railways have done so much to attract population to California, its most enduring wealth will probably be in the abundance of its agricultural and horticultural products. The Sacramento and San Joaquin Valleys are especially adapted to wheat-growing, and their proximity to San Francisco favours the vast shipping trade of that port. We in Dundee are enabled to realise the extent of the wheat shipments at San Francisco from the demand for grain bags. In these notes I have carefully avoided becoming statistical, but as I have not previously seen the following table—which I extract from the last report of the San

Francisco Chamber of Commerce—and believe that it will be interesting to Dundee manufacturers in connection with the Calcutta grain sack competition, I embody it here :—

EXPORTS OF GRAIN AND FLOUR FROM THE PORT OF SAN
FRANCISCO.

	Wheat. 100-lb. Sacks.	Barley. 100-lb. Sacks.	Oats. 100-lb. Sacks.	Flour. Brls.
Year ending 30th June 1862,	775,553	132,805	149,822	82,605
„ 1863,	1,159,748	30,424	39,511	141,488
„ 1864,	984,941	42,292	85,951	158,225
„ 1865,	23,818	8,104	3,511	52,424
„ 1866,	1,044,826	338,106	115,818	249,857
„ 1867,	3,642,505	166,212	88,414	485,493
„ 1868,	3,773,002	31,414	4,987	426,157
„ 1869,	4,373,213	91,880	22,499	459,923
„ 1870,	4,864,590	300,621	13,858	354,106
„ 1871,	3,583,124	132,095	12,508	194,763
„ 1872,	1,404,355	16,286	11,240	222,398
„ 1873,	9,835,571	226,922	5,401	264,529
„ 1874,	7,289,278	599,109	26,617	674,698
„ 1875,	8,833,880	702,173	67,944	525,614

The crop in 1876, consequent on the abundant winter rains, has been the largest ever grown and gathered in California. It is estimated at 14,000,000 centals, or 625,000 tons, and its value at from \$20,000,000 to \$25,000,000 or from £4,000,000 to £5,000,000 sterling. Much of the farming is done on a very large scale. I heard of farms of 10,000, 20,000, and even 30,000 acres. One farmer alone has this year between 20,000 and 25,000 tons of wheat.

Steamboats, barges, railway cars, warehouses, and wharves are filled with 100-lb. sacks of wheat, but the immensity of the trade is most apparent in the wonderful shipping business of San Francisco. Fifty-three ships sailed in September with 75,000 tons of wheat, and it was expected that sixty more would sail in October with upwards of 80,000 tons. From the 1st July to 4th October 116 large wheat-laden ships had sailed, and when I left there were eighty more in port, of which sixty-one were chartered, and only nineteen disengaged. To any one with a nautical eye it is a delight to see such a splendid commercial fleet as is moored in the roads and lying at the wharves—especially the iron ships, vessels of very fine lines, tautly rigged, and every part of their equipment ship-shape and handsomely kept. I observed some very large American wooden ships—the Baltic, 2552 tons; Glory of the Seas, 2102 tons; and Ocean King, 2516 tons; but these very large vessels obtain a lower rate of freight than vessels from 1000 to 1500 tons. The shipping offices were all extremely active when I visited them, and wherever business may be dull it certainly is not in San Francisco. Besides the wheat and flour trade, the export of wool and

the imports of tea from China and Japan are becoming very considerable. The growth of wool in California has increased from 300,000 lbs. in 1855, to 8,949,931 lbs. in 1865, and 43,532,223 lbs. in 1875. The extent of the tea trade is still more remarkable :—

IMPORTS OF TEA, 1875.					
From China,	...	...	...	...	1,881,651 lbs.
From Japan,	...	...	...	...	17,990,578 lbs.
EXPORTED OVERLAND.					
1874,	...	...	...	...	11,779,156 lbs.
1875,	...	...	...	...	18,136,424 lbs.
					<u>6,357,268 lbs.</u>

Including those to China and Japan, there are now five lines of ocean steamers running to San Francisco. The whaling fleet of the Pacific is more and more making this its port of rendezvous. More than three hundred million feet of timber are annually imported, and upwards of half-a-million tons of coals. The California wine trade is also rapidly developing. There are now 40,000,000 vines growing in the State, and the production of wine is estimated at 8,000,000 gallons. I am, however, sorry to say that it is almost the only wine one does not see on a gentleman's table in California—the natives being prejudiced against their own vintages.

The only California wine I tasted was some Hock, which I ordered for the mere sake of tasting, at the Palace Hotel, and which seemed to me a very pleasant beverage. San Francisco, more even than New York or Chicago, is a city of hotels, and the Palace Hotel is at the head of them.

The Mint is the most important Government building, as well as one of the most substantial examples of architecture in San Francisco. Its apparatus and appliances for refining the ore, casting, milling, and stamping are all of the latest and most improved kinds. In the absence of General Le Grange, the Superintendent, we were shown over the building by his deputy, Mr Gross, who explained the different processes, some of which—such as the conversion of the silver into a chloride, in which condition it resembles pipe-clay—are very curious. The machinery for milling and stamping is exceedingly rapid and pretty in its action. In the department for examining and testing the coins, a large number of well-dressed and sprightly young ladies are employed, and the employment is just one of the class—entailing little physical fatigue—adapted to the fair sex. We handled some of the gold and silver bullion previous to its being

minted. The arrangements are such that the metal left to-day is assayed immediately, and its value is paid over the Mint Counter by the cashier to-morrow. During our walk through this establishment we obtained confirmation of an important fact too little known in England during the recent silver panic—that nearly one-half of the product of the Comstock Lode, which all goes under the name of silver, is really gold. To show that there is no risk of the world being deluged with silver coin as against gold, and that, if there is to be depreciation, gold must be depreciated as well, I give the following official statement of the coinage of the California Mint from January to September this year, during which there has been a special demand for silver coins to replace the fractional paper currency of the United States, and also an active coinage of trade dollars for China, which are all silver :—

		Gold.	Silver.	Total.
January,	...	\$1,940,000	\$617,000	\$2,557,000
February,	...	2,362,500	780,000	3,142,500
March,	...	2,280,000	1,028,000	3,308,000
April,	...	2,780,000	609,000	3,389,000
May,	...	2,780,000	1,034,000	3,814,000
June,	...	1,020,000	632,000	1,652,000
July,	...	4,140,000	466,000	4,606,000
August,	...	3,480,000	1,320,000	4,800,000
September,	...	3,000,000	1,000,000	4,000,000
Totals,	...	\$23,782,500	\$7,486,000	\$31,268,500

It will thus be seen that in this the year of the silver panic the Mint which is at the headquarters of silver production has coined more than three times a greater value of gold than of silver coins.

Before leaving San Francisco I went over to Oakland, to see the Oakland Jute Works, which are owned by a Joint-Stock Company in San Francisco. To any one accustomed to seeing the semi-palatial establishments erected of late years in and near Dundee, the one in California is very curious, both in its building and working. The greater part of the mill and sheds is of wood, which one would suppose to be very liable to fire ; but no smoking is allowed, and neither gas nor lamps are used, the work only going on in daylight. The rule is to work from sunrise to sunset—scarcely so much in summer, but the running time all through the summer is $12\frac{1}{2}$ hours a day, and in winter as long as there is daylight, which is considerably longer than in Scotland. The most curious feature in the working of the mill is that, with the exception of an American Manager and two Scotch heads of departments, it is “run” entirely by Chinese. There are about 430 Chinese men and boys altogether, including weavers, spinners, shifters,

oilers, sack sewers, &c. Most of the good hands earn a dollar a day and upwards. The wages, however, are not paid to the hands themselves, but to a Company which contracts to supply the men and boys required, and which divides the wages amongst them. Mr Thompson (whose father resides at Tayport), who has charge of the mill, and Mr Robertson, from Dundee, who is manager of the preparing, weaving, and finishing department—two very intelligent men, who have been in the works a considerable time—say that the Chinese make very good hands, easily learn, and are very attentive so long as they remain, but often they go away as soon as they become proficient at the work. Even those who remain, on one pretence or another, go away for weeks at a time. Sometimes a youth receives word from his mother in China that he must go home to get married, and he is sure to obey the command, but returns some months afterwards without his wife. The machinery all came originally from Dundee and Leeds, and when any important renewal has to be made they have to send to the old country for it. The coals cost from \$6 to \$8, or from 24s. to 32s. per ton. The only thing materially cheaper is batching oil. Salmon oil is found

very suitable, being very soft and penetrating, and only costs about £27 a ton. As now supplied, however, it has a very offensive smell. In the event of whale oil becoming scarce at any time, the Dundee spinners might turn their attention to salmon oil, which, doubtless, could be purified and refined for Scotch use. I made no inquiries at the works, but from what I heard in San Francisco I should doubt whether on the average of years they have been a very profitable investment, or whether many others are likely to be erected in California. Labour is both too dear and too uncertain. I believe, also, that the Calcutta contracts for next year are regarded with considerable apprehension by those interested in these works, as likely to have a very disturbing effect for some time on the San Francisco market. When in Oakland one of my friends drove me round the greater part of the place, which is to 'Frisco what Birkenhead is to Liverpool. In some respects, indeed, it seems the more eligible place to live in, having more shelter, much richer vegetation, and better roads, in consequence of which not a few wealthy San Francisco people have their residences there.

Having referred to the Chinese at the Oakland Jute Works, I may add that John Chinaman

makes his presence felt everywhere on the West Coast. In California the people evidently could not get along without John's help, and yet they, or, at least, the unreasonable section of them, are continually abusing him. When I was in San Francisco there was an outbreak of small-pox in the Chinese quarter, which prevented my visiting it. The city doctor had been appointed to report on the best means of preventing the spread of the epidemic, and his published report, instead of being confined to a strictly professional statement, began with a violent tirade against the general character of the Chinese population. So far as I could make out, they really offend the idle by their industry, the improvident by their thrift, and the intemperate by their sobriety. Those who act as servants or waiters are remarkably neat, tidy, quick, docile, and honest. No doubt there are bad Chinamen as well as good, but it is rather their virtues than their vices which make them disliked by their competitors in the labour market. San Francisco all through is one of the most cosmopolitan places in the world. Low down there are the Chinese, the negroes, and occasionally the Indians. Then there are the Irish, most of whom regard all the former as their natural enemies. Besides

these there are men of every kindred, people, and tongue, all keen and eager whether in the pursuit of business or of pleasure. In the dining-room or in the lobbies of the Palace Hotel you may hear the language of every civilised nation. San Francisco is an epitome of the world.

I began my notes respecting this city by observing that the only contingency adverse to its future greatness and wealth is that of being swallowed up by earthquakes. One night while I was at the Palace Hotel engaged in conversation with a gentleman well known in Dundee, who has been in San Francisco for many years, I suddenly felt a tremulous motion of the floor, and heard the doors and Venetian window shutters shaking considerably. It was just as if a very heavy cart had passed a very ill-built house. We were on the fourth floor, and my friend said, "That is an earthquake. We are too high up here. The sooner we go down the better." There did not seem to me to be anything to be alarmed about, and I was rather glad than otherwise that amongst other novel sensations in America I had experienced an earthquake. My friend, however, said "There is nothing to alarm you much in what you heard, but if you had seen as much of earth-

quakes as I have you would never like to feel another. The first shock may be very light, but you can never tell what is to follow it. I have seen houses thrown down, and people buried in the ruins. I remember once while getting an early breakfast a shock occurred that frightened everybody out of their houses, and many were killed by the falling of the bricks at the doorways. If they had remained inside they might have escaped being hurt. I remember one earthquake that left a large crevasse in one of the public streets. It is the danger to brick buildings that makes people here prefer to live in wooden-framed houses, which are thought the most secure. The Palace Hotel is as strong as it can be built, but one of the things it has to stand is the test of a severe earthquake, and I would rather not be so high up when it is tried." By the time this was said we had reached the ground-floor, where people were all talking of what had occurred. One gentleman who was writing in the Reading-Room told me he scarcely perceived it, but another who was at the very top of the building—on the sixth, or rather seventh, storey—said he felt the Hotel rocking like a ship at sea. The Palace is very strongly framed, beamed, and pillared with iron ;

still it is impossible to forecast what might be the result of a serious disturbance to its foundation. The probability is that these catastrophes are diminishing rather than increasing in their frequency and destructiveness. Nevertheless, it is possible that San Francisco, like many other cities, may yet be engulfed by an earthquake.

THE GOLD AND SILVER MINING REGIONS.

Some of my most pleasant recollections are of a visit paid on my return from San Francisco to Virginia City—the headquarters of the celebrated Comstock Lode, the Metropolis of the mines in Nevada. Leaving the main line of the Central Pacific at Reno, we pass the busy little town of Carson, and then wind our way up the spiral staircase known as the Virginia and Truckee Railroad, which takes nearly fifty-two miles to run over a direct distance of twenty-one. This is one of the most extraordinary little railways in the world—extraordinary in the steepness of its gradients, the sharpness of its curves, the number of trains run upon it, the amount of traffic carried over it, and the profit it yields to its shareholders. It is a steep railway climb from the plains at Carson round the mountain sides, over deep gorges, across stupendous bluffs, and through tunnels, until you come into a region where the outlook is upon a vast ocean of huge petrified billows—a terrific storm consolidated and perpetuated for ever, or until another great convulsion, upheaval,

and cataclysm occurs. Wherever one looks the hills and mountains are bare, and to a stranger seem as if they never had borne a tree, and yet I was told that within thirty years they were all covered with forests, as the greater part of the Sierras Nevada still are. This denudation of the mountains—the conversion of richly-wooded heights into naked and desolate hills without any shelter remaining for man or beast—is really unwise, and the time is coming when the Americans themselves must deplore that in their eagerness for present gain they have slain much future wealth. If the law, or in default of law, foresight and prudence, had made it customary not to cut down trees of less than a certain girth, the young wood would always have been growing into future crops of timber. As it is, the surface productiveness of extensive regions has been destroyed for a long time to come. First of all, the large trees are cut down, to be sawn into the large square props and strips used in the shaftings and driftings of the mines; then the smaller trees are taken for fluming and railway purposes and for cordwood; and then the smallest are swept off by the adventurous gleaner, who conveys them to the nearest town for firewood or other purposes. It

is not an uncommon thing for the large Mining or Fluming Companies to buy extensive tracts of land from the United States Government merely for the timber, and as soon as they have cleared off all they want they don't think it worth even paying the State taxes, so that the ground either reverts to the State, or is sold under a tax sale for a merely nominal sum. In the meantime anybody can go and cut wood or squat upon the ground, and the ultimate result too commonly is that territories which, within the recollection of many now living, were splendidly timbered, are now bare, arid, and desolate. The Department having charge of the public lands at Washington has always favoured the regulation of the cutting of timber, but the people of the Western States, it seems, have objected to being interfered with—the doctrine that every man has a right to do what he likes with his own prevailing there as well as in the British Isles.

Perched high in the wonderfully rugged region which I have described—more than 6000 feet above the level of the sea, with another hill 1700 feet immediately behind it—is Virginia City, the most thoroughly representative mining city in America. It is built right above the celebrated Comstock Lode. Before reaching it

the eye is kept actively engaged on the extraordinary natural features of the country, with the artificial additions that have been made to them—peaks, bluffs, ridges, crevasses, gorges, waterfalls, flumes, diggings, claims, trestle bridges, mines, narrow gauge railways, quartz mills, shanties, villages, and towns like Gold Hill. Landing at the railway station, close to the extensive works of the Consolidated Virginia Mine, we find it a steep climb up to C Street. This is one of the most remarkable streets which I have ever seen. It is full of saloons, restaurants, and gaming-houses, which, day and night, always seem to be crowded with people. It contains the Frederick House, which is, and will be, the principal Boarding-House until the new Hotel is completed. This Hotel, which takes the place of one destroyed, along with a large part of the city, in October 1875, will be the most imposing edifice in the place, which is already almost rebuilt. The mines being worked every day in the year by eight-hour shifts, one-third of the population of the city is always under ground. Another third may be assumed to be in the Boarding-Houses, and the remaining third in C Street, where they dress and live like gentlemen. In a community like this there are

doubtless some desperadoes and ruffians, yet during my two days' visit I saw nothing but the most perfect order and decorum. The majority of the working miners, I was assured, are a steady, well-behaved, and particularly generous-hearted class of men. Four dollars, or about fifteen shillings, a-day is the regular wage. As they earn their money rapidly they spend it freely. Their besetting sin is gambling either at the gaming tables or in mining stocks. There are men working as common miners who have been worth hundreds of thousands of dollars and lost them all. Believers in mining "luck" not unnaturally come to be speculators either at cards, dice, roulette, or shares ; but it is not the believers in luck who become the great Bonanza Kings.

I had introductions to two of these gentlemen, one of whom was from home, but the other enabled me to penetrate into the very arcana of the Consolidated Virginia and California Mines, whose extraordinary productiveness of silver ore assisted so greatly to alarm the English public in the beginning of this year with the fear that silver would soon become almost worthless. First of all, I was taken through the extensive works above ground, where are enormous steam

engines for pumping water up from and air down into the depths below, as well as for crushing the argentiferous and auriferous ores. There is one compound engine of 1100 H.P., having a 40-inch cylinder, and lifting a 12-inch column of water 1400 feet. The water is of so high a temperature that, like the water from the boilers of the factories in Dundee, it has to be cooled by exposure to the air before it can be used for condensing purposes. The large volume of water pumped up is all used in subsequent processes for washing the ore after it has passed through the crushing mills, where there is machinery for pulverising 800 tons of ore from the Consolidated Virginia, and 300 tons from the California every day. Everything is carried on here on a colossal scale. The crushing works have an engine with a 65-inch cylinder. The last of the processes is the melting, which is done in crucibles very similar to the retorts used for gas-making. In 1875 the Consolidated Virginia alone sent up 169,095 tons of ore, which yielded \$16,731,653. Up to the present time it has yielded altogether upwards of \$36,000,000, and paid in dividends upwards of \$24,000,000, or say five millions of pounds sterling, in less than three years.

Having resolved to investigate the silver question, I readily availed myself of the offer to descend to the lowest depths of the Consolidated Virginia—1550 feet. Two gentlemen, one from Germany and the other from Poland, accompanied me, under the guidance of the chief underground official of the mine. I should very much have liked to have had our photographs after we had divested ourselves of our ordinary attire, and put on the garb of working miners, which is certainly not made according to the latest Paris fashions. After being rigged out like diggers, and each furnished with a lamp, we enter the cage, where our lamps just make the darkness visible. Down, down, down we drop very rapidly, till we are told in about fifty seconds that the 1000 feet level is passed, and then every few seconds the other levels are called out—1100, 1200, and so on—till we come to a stop at 1550 feet, perfectly wet with the drops of condensed vapour through which we have passed. The cages descend down shafts up which the hot moist air of the mine rapidly ascends. So long as we remain where the current of humid air is strong it is quite endurable—it is in the inner recesses where there is no current that it becomes oppressive.

After our eyes become accustomed to the darkness of the pit we begin to realise what it is to live nearly a third of a mile underground. It is like a great subterranean beehive, where the men work instead of bees. All between the 1000 and the 1550 feet levels there are cuts, cross-cuts, drifts, and mazes—different names for passages and excavations—which are all made on a system so as to take out all the payable ore that can be removed without risking the immolation of the miners. A cut is made right through the lode in one direction. Then it is extended in the opposite direction; then two others are made at right angles to these. The length is 372 feet one way by 200 feet the other, and the galleries, passages, and chambers are worked at the different levels under 1000 feet to the bottom. In the course of time the whole lode will be honeycombed. The human bees who are here gathering the silver and golden honey—for nearly half the bullion of this mine is gold—are not pale, cadaverous, weak men, but ruddy, healthy, strong, active fellows. It is as hot as the Sudatorium of a Turkish Bath, and with the exception of trousers they are naked, and the sweat makes their skin shine as if they were oiled. All through the principal

passages are narrow guage tramways for conveying the ore to the cages and taking back timber from them, and the running of the waggons is all done by hand, there being no horses or mules as in some of our English coal mines. After a passage has been made—unless in a few places where there is granite or other hard rock—the sides and roof are propped with heavy timber cut to the requisite length. With the exception of the running of the cars on the tramways there is very little noise, the picking of the ore being a quiet operation. Occasionally a blast is heard, but the report is not loud, and the silence that generally prevails is almost oppressive. Now and then it is broken by small cranes, which are driven by compressed air, the escape of which into the heated atmosphere is very grateful. Were it not for the heat we feel as if we could remain down any length of time, but after travelling the length and breadth of the mine, and going up and down numerous ladders to reach other levels and drifts, and descending to the lowest dip of the mine, we are glad enough to ascend—not, however, before we have visited the chamber where the ore is of the very richest character, and are informed that we are surrounded by more silver

and gold than is known to exist in any other part of the globe. Some specimens of ore are here given to us worth from \$2000 to \$3000 per ton. Here and there portions are almost pure gold and silver. The richest place is also the hottest, which suggests a grim joke as to the doom of rich men generally; but the heat is almost too great for joking, and we all desire to return to the fresh air above. We ascend in the cage, and are soon rejoicing in the luxury of a cold bath, which is ready for us in the dressing-room, and which soon draws the blood from the head, and relieves us of the oppression felt below.

In the afternoon we take the train down the Virginia and Truckee Railway to Carson, and are again astonished by the singular features of the country, the apparently perilous nature of the road, and the extensive traffic in lumber and ore which is conducted upon it. At Carson we deliver a letter of introduction from a far-travelled friend in Fife to the enterprising manager of the line, who in this small place controls perhaps the largest and most lucrative traffic run upon any railway of the same length in the world. Without wasting many words, he promptly arranges for us another most pleasur-

able and novel excursion for the following day, by communicating with Mr Bliss, the managing partner of the Carson and Tahoe Lumber and Fluming Company, who is at our Hotel—kept by Mr Fryer, originally from Glasgow—soon after daybreak next morning with a fine team of horses, to drive us up to Lake Tahoe—one of the most remarkable sheets of water in America. It is 22 miles long, by from 10 to 13 wide, and is 6218 feet above the level of the sea. It is surrounded by lofty mountain ranges, some of which, like the Rubicon and Napoleon's Cap, are 11,000 feet high. The water is a cerulean blue, and it is so deep that in some places it can scarcely be fathomed. The mountain peaks to the south and west are covered all through the summer with snow, which rests on them in the winter to the depth of from 12 to 14 feet. The water was beautifully calm and placid as we steamed across, first to Tallack, and then to a lovely inlet called Emerald Bay, in a yacht which, with 120 lbs. of steam, easily made 17 miles an hour, and with 150 lbs. runs up to 20 miles. It is curious that the fastest steam yacht in America should have been built in sections at Wilmington, in Delaware, carried over the Continent by railway, and conveyed in

teams up to a lake more than 6000 feet above the sea level. She crosses 13 miles over the lake regularly in three-quarters of an hour, and Mr Bliss is quite ready to try the speed of the Meteor against that of any other yacht that may be sent up to Lake Tahoe. It would have been a great pleasure to have seen this wonderful Lake if one had been taken to it blindfold; instead of this, the method of getting there was peculiarly pleasing. We are first of all driven through a long and winding highland glen rising continually till we reach a height of more than 2000 feet above Carson, and as we ascend we see the whole operation of fluming timber from the mountains to the plains. A flume, in a few words, is a wooden aqueduct used either to convey water, or wood upon the water, for mining purposes. When constructed for the transit of timber, planks, or cordwood, it is generally made in the shape of a broad V—the water running from a lake, reservoir, or stream about half-way up the V. The Carson and Tahoe Fluming Co. have thirty miles of these flumes—eleven miles of one main flume, and nineteen miles of branches from different mountain sides down to it. In order to supply it with water they have dammed up a great

ravine, and constructed an artificial lake at an elevation of 3600 feet above Carson. It is a rare sight to see the timber rushing down the steeper parts of the flume—spurting up the water before it in the shape of a fan—for the timber travels faster than the water, and if the logs are sent down too rapidly they will clear all the water before them out of the flume. Now and then a jam takes place, and if not quickly removed some damage may be done. Here again the steady, attentive Scotchman appears on the ground—there is a small regiment of him in the service of the Fluming Co. I was told a very characteristic anecdote as showing the difference between Scotch and Irish character. When the Bank of California suspended last year, as it was known the Fluming Company did business with them, it was feared that they might be seriously affected. A number of Irishmen who had been for years in the service of the Company, and profuse in their professions of devotion to its interests, immediately became alarmed, and went to the office and said they would like to have their pay. The Scotchmen, on the contrary, went and offered to leave their wages in the hands of the Company as long as was necessary to tide over any difficulty caused

by the stoppage of the Bank. The Irishmen were paid, and paid off—the Scotchmen retained, promoted, and increased in number.

The fluming is not the only curiosity on the way to Tahoe. At the height of 2260 feet above Carson, we reach what is known as the Summit, being the summit of the old team road; but the Company have constructed a narrow guage three feet railway, going a thousand feet higher into the mountains before it descends to the Lumber Mills at Glenbrook. It takes nine miles to accomplish an actual distance of between three and four, the grade being 1 in 40. It reaches the total height of 7250 feet above the sea level; and, as it cannot be worked entirely by curves, the trains are in some places shunted backwards and forwards, zigzag fashion. There is one point where the shunting is done on trestle work, clear of the forest timber, and there a magnificent view of the mountain scenery and the lake below is obtained. The extensive character of the operations of this Company will be understood when I mention that it gives employment to between 1500 and 2000 hands, and that during the six summer months thirty-five million feet of timber and sixty thousand cords of wood are felled, sawed, and sent down

the flumes, whose water-carriage is the cheapest that can be obtained. By a wonderful provision of nature the timber so largely required in the mines was first found growing right above them. All that has been cut down, and now it has to be brought from greater and greater distances. Hence these mountain flumes and railways, which are amongst the most curious constructions to be seen on the American Continent.

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SALT LAKE CITY AND THE MORMONS.

Joining the Central Pacific Railway again at Reno, about 300 miles from San Francisco, we renewed our journey over the vast interior deserts of North America. I shall not again describe the passage over the plains. Day succeeds to day and night to night almost as monotonously as on board of ship in fine weather. Almost the only diversion is the stoppage for meals at the side stations every five or six hours—a stoppage that the travellers would prefer to be substituted by taking their meals in hotel cars, so as to lessen the time occupied in the journey. To the ordinary wayfarer it would appear easy to shorten the time between San Francisco and Omaha by twenty-four hours at least. If the two Pacific Companies would agree to run one express train weekly between New York and San Francisco in five days it would be very popular, even if the fare were considerably more than at present. Seeing that it has been demonstrated the distance can be done in eighty-four hours, it would not be anything remarkable to arrange

for its being done systematically in 120 hours. No doubt the present rate of speed is much easier on the rolling stock, and so long as there is no competition there is not much urgency for expediting it; but it would be well at once to give greater inducements to undertake the long overland journey, and less inducement for any competing line to offer in the way of reducing the time occupied in crossing the Continent. As we pass over many hundreds of miles covered with sage brush, and see the ground whitened with alkali, we cannot but speculate on the problem whether these deserts will ever blossom as the rose. Some assert that they cannot, and yet there is at Humboldt Station wonderful evidence of what irrigation will accomplish in the midst of an arid region and with unpromising soil. Along and through many of these deserts, too, there are streams of water—and possibilities for the construction of canals at the feet of the mountains—which seem to point to the practicability of grand schemes of irrigation, which will alter the aspect of the overland route between the middle and western States. If it be possible thus to metamorphose the surface of this region American ingenuity and enterprise will certainly do it.

Reaching Ogden the second morning after leaving Reno, we resolved to tarry for a day at Salt Lake City, which is reached in less than a couple of hours by the Utah Central Railroad. Even before reaching Ogden we come into Mormon territory, and witness signs of the industry and thrift which have enabled the Mormons to change the face of a formerly sterile country. The leaders of the Mormons showed both judgment and taste in selecting the site of their Zion—nestling as it does at the feet of mountains, which shelter it from the coldest blasts, while giving repose and dignity to the situation. In the early morning the great Salt Lake looks like an inland sea; as the clouds disperse it also is seen to be embedded for the greater part in a mountain range. As we approach the city the farms begin to be more numerous, while the suburbs are neat and cheerful. We pass the hot sulphur springs, from which the steam is seen to rise, confirming the statement that eggs can be boiled in them in the usual number of minutes. Arriving at the station we resolve on staying at the chief Mormon Hotel—the Townsend House—at which, however, we failed to discover any signs of Mormonism, and were assigned very neat, quiet,

and comfortable rooms. A walk through the town surprised us by the signs of civic prosperity and wise administration. The streets are remarkably wide, and most of them have rows of trees shading the side walks, while streams of water course through the channels beneath them. In the main street are numerous large and even elegant stores. One of these, kept by Walker Brothers, resembles Messrs Jas. Spence & Co.'s or Moon & Langlands' in Dundee, and at the head of the clothing department is an intelligent Dundonian. The newest and most stylish establishment is Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution, which is the grand central store for all the Mormons and their branch storekeepers throughout Utah. Long before reaching Salt Lake City we see the capital letters Z.C.M.I. on the village stores, indicating their connection with this large establishment, where everything necessary to wear, eat, drink, or use in a house can be obtained both wholesale and retail. The organisation and arrangement appear very complete, and the building could only have been improved by making it quadrangular, instead of running 300 feet deep from the front as it does—the present plan involving considerable loss of floor space to admit of lighting from the roof.

The great building which everyone goes to see is the Tabernacle, which looks from the exterior like an enormous soup tureen wanting a handle. It lacks elevation to give it dignity or grandeur from without ; but seeing it from within one cannot but be struck by the constructive genius that devised it. It possesses all the most important requisites of a large public building. It seats comfortably 12,000 people. On the Sunday before my visit I was assured it contained between 13,000 and 14,000, every one of whom could hear every word that was said and see all that was done. Its form is a prolonged oval. The seats are all gently raised from the floor, and it has twelve doors on each side, so that, however large the audience, it is very speedily emptied. The great organ, which was built on the spot, is said to be a very powerful instrument, and there is fine singing by a professional choir. It is intended to retain this building for all the large Mormon assemblies ; but the new Temple, although smaller, will be a much finer edifice. In it the councils of the Twelve and of the Seventy will be held ; the rites of baptism, marriage, and "sealing" performed, and the Chronicles of the Saints kept. It will be of four storeys, with six towers—three

at each end. It is built of white granite obtained in the neighbourhood, and the building is proceeded with just as the funds are provided. Sometimes nothing is done for months together ; then when the Saints are liberal several rounds of stones are added. At present there is a great weight of material on the ground, and a large number of masons at work.

I contented myself with seeing the outside of Brigham Young's harem, and also the Palace erected for his favourite mistress. A Scotch gentleman who travelled with me in the train called on the President, and came away with the impression that he is a very shrewd, cunning, and vain-glorious old man. He asked Brigham what he thought would be the result of the development of the mines in Utah, and the answer was that "he feared there would be more riches and less religion." The Mormons are alarmed at the growth of the Gentiles amongst them, and most of the miners are Gentiles. Not only so, but some who were formerly Saints—influential and wealthy Saints, too—are joining the Philistines. It is also said that there are serious dissensions amongst the Saints themselves. Brigham Young has quarrelled with the Twelve because they do not favour the election of his

son—who does not possess the brains of his father—to succeed him as President. Neither do the Twelve get on well with the Seventy, and the more intelligent of the people are beginning to regard themselves as merely used to increase the wealth and power of the Apostles and Bishops. I only spent one day in Salt Lake City, and did not go into a Mormon House except the Hotel where I slept, and I do not profess to have mastered the details of Mormonism; but it seems to me that it has already passed its zenith, and that polygamy will not long survive in the United States. The scandal arising from Ann Eliza's prosecution of Brigham Young for alimony is in itself almost fatal to the system, because it makes him ridiculous. A High Priest, whose nineteenth wife insists on the Sheriff pounding his chattels for her maintenance, cannot be invested with a halo of sanctity. Then, although in their Conferences the Apostles and Bishops claim for themselves divine revelation, inspiration, authority, and guidance, it is easy to see that they are very uneasy in their position. Polygamy is not only no longer proclaimed as a divine institution, but the very mention of it is studiously avoided. They know that the sentiment of the Christian

world, as well as the policy of the Government of the United States, is against them, and they no longer boast of their gospel that a man may have as many wives as he chooses to keep. Some of them, indeed, are beginning to deny that this is any part of the Mormon dispensation. The enemy, too, are strong at the gates. There is published and tolerated in Salt Lake City a Gentile organ, which daily ridicules, jeers at, and denounces the Mormon chiefs and all their sayings and doings. In former times a "destroying angel" would have made short work of the editor and publisher of the *Tribune*, but he is entrenched in the midst of too large a number of sympathisers to fear being molested now, when a "destroying angel" of nearly twenty years ago has just been delivered up by the Mormons themselves to the penalties of the law. But for its polygamy and its greed Mormonism might have endured for a considerable time. As it is, the death of Brigham Young will very probably prove the signal for its disruption.

FROM OGDEN TO OMAHA AND CHICAGO—
THE UNION PACIFIC LAND GRANTS.

Returning to Ogden, we started eastwards again for Omaha, a distance of more than 1000 miles. The first seventy miles is through the passes of the Rocky Mountains, and I again took my position on the front of the engine, resolved to see everything that was to be seen. I had come down in the afternoon and evening of a bright summer's day ; in going up the light was that of an autumnal morning, with mists veiling the heights and resting on the sides of the hills. It was pleasant to see the Devil's Gate and Weber and Echo Canons under these different aspects. To a geologist these passes must be intensely interesting, for there seems to be in them almost every conceivable formation, upheaval, fissure, and combination of rock. This, I should say, is the very place for a School of Geology as well as of art. I am surprised that some of our young artists, instead of staying at home to paint subjects that have been painted a thousand times before, do not come out to these unhackneyed scenes. Before leaving the engine

I had to leave my seat on the cowcatcher three or four times, as opportunities occurred for the discharge of its duty in lifting cows that had strayed on the line ; but the Engineer by his steam horn always managed to scare them off—not, however, before he had once or twice almost brought the train to a stand. Beyond Evanston we come to a comparatively uninteresting region till the following morning, when the central summit of the Continent is reached near Sherman. Here it was so cold that I somewhat apprehended finding the snow sheds of use, but we had nothing more than a freezing kind of fog till we came again to Cheyenne. Next day we were in Nebraska, and when within 200 miles of Omaha the towns begin to be more frequent, and the land on both sides of the railway, much of which seems very good, is under cultivation. The farmers here spend very little on fences, which seem to be considered superfluous ; but around their homesteads plantations are general, and are no doubt useful in sheltering them from the heat of summer and the cold winds from the plains in winter.

In order to encourage the construction of a railway across the Continent at a time when it seemed difficult to find anyone to undertake it,

the Government of the United States not only gave a large subsidy in money, but offered every alternate square mile of land for miles on both sides of the railway. The Union Pacific Land Grant amounts to 12,000,000 acres. A considerable number of the sections for the first 100 miles west of Omaha have been sold at an average price of between 4 and 5 dollars per acre, the highest prices being obtained near the railway, which runs along by the side and frequently crosses branches of the Platte river. The railway lands are sold at prices ranging from \$2 to \$10 per acre, or say from 8s to 40s, according to quality, water, timber, or nearness to railway and market, and those who pay cash receive a discount of 10 per cent. If they have not cash to pay they may have ten years' credit, paying an instalment of one-tenth each year, with 6 per cent. interest. Under the Homestead Act even better terms can be got than these. Any man who declares his intention to become an American citizen can claim eighty acres of land within twenty miles on either side of the Pacific Railroad, or one hundred and sixty acres beyond twenty miles, as a free gift from the Government. He must live on the land and begin improving it, and then, after paying some

small fees, amounting altogether to about £4, he will receive a complete title to his 160 acres. During the first five years these homesteads are free from taxation, and cannot even be taken away or sold for debt. In addition to the first 160 acres the owner of a homestead is entitled to another 160 acres, or any lesser quantity, on condition of planting one-fourth of it in timber, Congress wisely endeavouring to promote the growth of timber on these Western prairie lands. In this way any man of intelligence, by purchasing a section of land from the Union or Central Pacific Railways, and acquiring other sections under the Homestead and Timber Acts, may for a small sum of money become possessed of a very considerable estate. There are grand openings on these Pacific Roads as well as in California and Oregon for intelligent, thrifty Scotch farmers with little capital becoming landed proprietors.

While travelling upon the Union Pacific Railway I was struck by the number and extent of the trains, both passenger and freight. Last year as many as 3000 waggons, or, as they are called here, cars, were sent over the line, containing cattle, sheep, mules, and horses. The mines in the Black Hills and in other districts are

being developed, and will add considerably to the traffic. Immense soda beds have also been discovered on the Laramie Plains, and it is anticipated that the supply of soda to the United States, amounting to nearly 120,000 tons, will come from this quarter. The Central Pacific Railway, of which I have previously spoken, works harmoniously with the Union, and enormous quantities of freight are carried through from San Francisco to Omaha, including not only teas and silks imported from Japan and China, but also gold, silver, and the numerous ores found in Nevada. The facility with which coal can be obtained is a great advantage to the Companies. Last year the production exceeded 200,000 tons, and this year it will be much more, while the price at which the coal can be sold is so moderate as to be a great inducement to settlers near the railway. The working expenses of the Union Pacific are only 41 per cent. The only disadvantage of this important railway is that it has no terminus on the West Coast, which causes it to be practically under the control of the Central Pacific. It has been suggested that it would be a wise policy for the Union to undertake the construction of a line from Ogden to Portland in Oregon, which would

give it an important port for its western terminus, and would place it three days nearer China and Japan than San Francisco. In course of time railway communication with Oregon and Washington Territory, either by the Central or by the Union Pacific, is sure to be effected, and there is probably little time for the Union to stretch away westward, as it is understood that the Central itself has the intention of effecting direct communication with Oregon.

At Omaha, or rather Council Bluffs, on the opposite side of the Missouri river, which is crossed by a long Bridge, we change carriages for Chicago, and pass from the Union Pacific to the Rock Island and Chicago Railway, which runs right across the States of Iowa and Illinois. I was very much pleased with the appearance of Iowa, which seems a remarkably thriving State, and is much more undulating, wooded, and abundantly watered than much of the land we pass through in America. It is a pleasant country, not at all unlike the West of England, and the villages are very cheerful. From its comparative proximity to Chicago—to which there are three or four different railways, the trains of which start from Omaha about the same time—it is as near to market and shipment

as a large part of Illinois. I stayed some time at Desmoines, the capital of the State, and was driven round to see its public buildings by a splendid specimen of an Englishman whom I met on board the Celtic on the passage out, and who invited me to call upon him as I passed through Iowa. He has great faith in the future of the State, notwithstanding that the frost sometimes penetrates the ground to a depth of five feet, and that grasshoppers invade the north-western section of it. From Desmoines to Davenport I had an excellent view of the country; but night coming on I slept in the Pullman till daylight, when the conductor announced we were approaching Chicago. In a short time I was reinstated in my comfortable and even luxurious quarters in the Grand Pacific Hotel, finding that a portmanteau sent after me from San Francisco had arrived before me, having passed me on the road while I had been calling at Virginia and Salt Lake Cities. All through my American journeys I made a practice of "checking" on my heavy "baggage," and was delighted with the freedom from trouble and anxiety caused by the certainty and regularity of its movements quite apart from my interference or control. ,

FROM CHICAGO TO WASHINGTON,
BALTIMORE, AND PHILADELPHIA.

I need not repeat my description of Chicago. My second visit, however, deepened my first impressions of its wonderful vivacity, capabilities, and prospects. It is already a grand city, wonderful in its metropolitan style of streets and buildings, and wonderful in its extent and in the diversity of its interests. A great shipping port and a great railway centre, it is also rapidly becoming a great manufacturing town. Its population, which was nothing forty years ago, and only 14,000 thirty years ago, is now 450,000. The population of Illinois, which was only 12,000 in 1810 and less than half-a-million in 1840, is now nearly three millions; while the States of Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, Michigan, Indiana, Kansas, and Nebraska, all of which contribute to the business, wealth, and prosperity of Chicago, have a total population of more than nine millions of people. The agricultural produce handled last year in Chicago, according to official returns—and the statement will give some idea of the magni-

tude of the business conducted here—was as follows :—

Flour and grain equal to 72,369,194 bushels, ...	£11,500,000
Live Stock, ...	11,320,000
Product of Cattle and Hogs, ...	10,700,000
Dairy Produce, ...	1,140,000
Wool and Hides, ...	5,160,000
High Wines and Alcohol, ...	2,260,000
Seeds and Broom Corn, ...	640,000
Sundries, ...	340,000
	£43,060,000

The timber trade at Chicago is also large, and there is abundance of coal, iron, copper, and zinc in the neighbourhood ; while *eighteen* trunk lines of railroads converge in the city, which, great as it is, seems destined to become immensely greater.

From Chicago I travelled by the Fort Wayne, Pittsburg, and Pennsylvania Railway considerably more than 1000 miles without changing carriages to Washington. This and the Baltimore and Ohio are the most picturesque of the Eastern lines—the crossing of the Alleghany Mountains by the Horse Shoe bend, in the autumn more particularly, being exceedingly interesting. Pittsburg resembles Newcastle, Sheffield, or Wolverhampton in its smoke, and did not invite our remaining there. As we

travel through Ohio and Maryland towards Washington we come upon what, for America, is a more ancient form of civilisation. The farm houses and barns have quite a German or French style about them—when not of brick they are often painted red, and the large wide barns have the lofty, broad roofs customary in Holland and Belgium. The well-wooded uplands, the numerous streams, and the green pastures remind us of the South and West of England. The towns have a more matured and settled appearance than those we have been passing through from San Francisco for more than 2000 miles of our Eastward journey. In the cool autumn these older States seem very pleasant to live in, whatever they may be in the heat of summer. After a long but comparatively rapid journey—for the trains run much faster East than West of Chicago—we come within sight of the Capitol of the Capital of the United States.

Washington is as yet a comparatively mean city so far as its houses are concerned, but built on a magnificent plan, and ennobled by several grand buildings and handsome monuments. A century, or probably half-a-century hence, when its streets are properly built up, it will be one of the finest places in the world. Conceive a city

with fifteen avenues or boulevards, each 160 feet in width, and a number of others 120 and 130 feet, and those avenues so arranged as to concentrate in large circles or squares, or to terminate near splendid public edifices. Instead of sinking their Houses of Parliament on a low river embankment, the Americans, like the Canadians, have erected theirs on an elevated plateau nearly 100 feet above the rest of the city, from all parts of which they are seen rising majestically above the inferior buildings. The Capitol, like a city set on a hill, cannot be hid. While preferring Gothic for ecclesiastical and collegiate architecture, I must say that the Greek styles seem to me much better adapted for all public buildings intended for civic use. Considering that the Capitol at Washington has been built at so many different times and under so many different architects, its design is generally harmonious, and its general effect very impressive. For two millions and a half sterling the Americans have obtained the most imposing edifice of its kind in the world. Its interior as yet does not equal its exterior, and the chambers occupied by the two Houses of Congress are not to be compared with our House of Commons and House of Lords at Westminster—their plainness

is excessive, and some of the State Houses and even city buildings have much more elegant chambers. The Senate and House of Representatives were not in session, but I heard a debate in the Supreme Court, in which Judges and counsel were alike attired in ordinary morning dress, but otherwise the proceedings were conducted with quite as much dignity as in our own Courts ; any one entering blindfold, indeed, would have known little difference, except that one of the pleaders spoke with the strongest "down-south" accent I had heard in the States.

President Grant was not in Washington, and the Secretary of the Treasury, to whom I had an introduction, was engaged at a Cabinet meeting at the only time I could make it convenient to call upon him, but I had the advantage of very pleasant interviews with the Assistant-Secretary, Mr Conant ; with Dr Linderman, the Director of the Mint ; with the Chief Commissioner of the Agricultural Department ; and with Prof. Taylor (a native of Perth, in Scotland) and Mr Glass, two very intelligent and obliging officers in that department. At the Treasury I obtained much valuable information, and the promise of more, with regard to the currency of the United States ; and in the

Agricultural Department learned how much is being done by it to instruct the farmers throughout the Union with regard to crops and seeds. In some respects this is the most important educational institute in the States, the number of agricultural reports which it publishes and distributes being amazing. Not only so, but every day from 2000 to 4000 applications are received for seeds, which are immediately posted in packages made up by a large force of young ladies. Many of the emigrants by the time they reach their lands have no money left to purchase seed, and the Government supplies them with whatever seeds they wish without charge. The small packages are sent through the post ; larger quantities by express to the nearest railway station. Much also is done to promote the introduction of new kinds of cereals and plants. I found some Dundee bags used for the larger quantities of seeds, but American cotton bags, at a cost of 30c. each, were used for the small parcels. I am sure bags equally suitable could be supplied from Dundee at less than half the money. Before leaving Washington I had an opportunity of seeing through not only the public but the private rooms at the White House occupied by the President and his

family. I saw the Green Room, the Blue Room, the Red Room or private parlour, the State Dining-room, and the private Ball-room, which are all as elegant as if the President were a Prince and his wife a Princess.

From Washington to Baltimore is a comparatively brief railway journey, and the tourist should not pass the great commercial city of Maryland without visiting it. I slept there, and next morning drove all round the best part of the city, which has some very fine public buildings, monuments, streets, and squares. There is a very dignified air about the upper part of Baltimore. The City Hall is a palatial structure, which cost a large sum, although, what is even rarer in America than in England, it was built within the estimate. Some of the churches are equal to any on the Continent, but the specialty of Baltimore is in its very finely built brick houses and brick foot pavements—a smaller and thinner brick than we use. The harbour is extensive, and the shipping, both in sailing and steam vessels, very considerable. At the railway station in Baltimore I had an opportunity of watching the manner in which the baggage system is worked, and it seems to me it would be well worth some of our more

enterprising railway men making a study of the American system, and introducing it on all our through routes. Instead of all the confusion that takes place at our great railway stations by the running about of porters with rully and barrow loads of luggage on the same platform as the passengers, who are continually hearing "by your leave" shouted as a premonition of the danger of being knocked down, everything at an American station is managed with singular quietness. The luggage never goes near the passenger platform. It is delivered at a baggage room close to the baggage car, on which it is easily placed, and the attendant gives you a small brass check for each trunk or piece of luggage, having a number and the name of the place it is intended for stamped upon it. A duplicate check is tied to the luggage itself. Then five minutes before the advertised time for the train leaving the locomotive fetches the baggage car and shunts it into the passenger station, where it is prefixed to the passenger cars. At all the side stations along the lines there is a baggage office, opposite which the baggage car stops, and the trunks are everywhere most easily taken in or put out of the train. Another important feature of the

American system is that, before arriving at any important terminus, a man comes through the cars offering to "check your baggage," by which he means that on giving up the checks you have he will give you others, securing its delivery at any public hotel or private house in the city within a short time of your reaching it yourself. During all my American journeyings I never suffered any inconvenience from misadventure or delay in the delivery of my luggage. They certainly manage most things connected with travelling better in America than we do.

From Baltimore I went on to Philadelphia, and had numerous fine views of the inlets from the Chesapeake, in which fleets of schooners and yachts were to be seen engaged in the oyster fisheries. The oysters in all this region, and far up into Massachusetts, are splendid. They are so abundant that at Wilmington they are sold "fried" in neat paper packages to the railway passengers. Anywhere from Baltimore to Boston you can scarcely go wrong in ordering oysters at every meal, either raw, stewed, scoloped, or fried. They are not so salt as our "natives," but they are considerably larger, and generally very delicious in their flavour. When I visited the Centennial Exhibition in August it

was so hot that I never went near the city. I was glad, therefore, of the opportunity, in returning to New York, to take a day for seeing the city founded by William Penn. Almost as much surrounded by water as New York, Philadelphia spreads over an immense extent of ground, and in the business streets is exceedingly busy. Its Broadway is as narrow and as crowded as Fleet Street, which it considerably resembles. The centre of attraction to strangers, of course, is Independence Hall, where not only the Declaration of Independence, but also many other political and private documents of much historical interest, are preserved. The names of the merchants who signed the celebrated protest against the Tea Duties, as well as those of the statesmen who signed the Declaration, struck me as being much better written than one sees to ordinary memorials anywhere now-a-days. In this Hall are all kinds of trophies commemorative of the revolutionary epoch—special care being taken of everything illustrating the career of Washington. Unfortunately, the crowd in the building was so great that I could not bestow much time on the examination of any of the articles exhibited. I drove off, therefore, to see the other public buildings,

chief of which are those in course of erection for the City Hall and Public Offices, which seem as if they would be the finest of the kind in the world. They are of extraordinary extent, built of marble, and with the most massive red granite pillars I have anywhere seen. These pillars are brought from the Bay of Fundy, near St John's, New Brunswick, where it seems there is an inexhaustible quarry now being worked under the superintendence of Scotchmen from Aberdeen. It is said that an order sent to Scotland for pillars of the size required could not be supplied. Next to New York, Philadelphia is the greatest city in America, and when these Public Buildings are complete it will have the finest civic edifice. Many of the other public buildings are very handsome. There are three churches nearly close together—a Methodist, Baptist, and Presbyterian, which bear testimony to the ability of the different religious denominations in America, out of their voluntary offerings, far to surpass in architectural beauty the majority of our State-endowed churches in the old country. The Masonic Temple in Philadelphia would also astonish the members of our Mason Lodges in Scotland from its costly magnificence and luxurious splendour. The

Banks, Club-Houses, Hospitals, Colleges, and Libraries in Philadelphia all betoken great wealth, and large, philanthropic, and intelligent classes of people. I roamed about Philadelphia very much interested in its fine modern buildings, its quiet, retired, old-fashioned streets, and its exceedingly crowded thoroughfares, until, quite fatigued, I gladly—according to the American phrase—went on board the train at West Philadelphia for New York, glad to arrive on a Saturday at my old quarters in the Windsor Hotel, and to find that rooms had been kept for me, although the applicants were so numerous that hundreds had to seek accommodation elsewhere. The passenger traffic to and from Philadelphia in the end of October was extraordinary, enormous trains passing each other on the railways every few minutes, and it is surprising that it was all managed with so few serious accidents.

NEW YORK AND ITS INSTITUTIONS.

New York is a youthful London, *minus* Whittington and his Cat, Gog and Magog, St Paul's, Temple Bar, Buckingham Palace, Westminster Abbey, and the Houses of Parliament. With more than a million of inhabitants—taking in Brooklyn and Jersey City it has upwards of a million and a-half—its business streets are quite as crowded as those of London, and with crowds quite as cosmopolitan. It is as regards population the least American of American cities—it is the most Irish, Scotch, German, French, Italian, and altogether is the most foreign in its manners and customs. As the Americans say, men and things are a good deal “mixed” in New York ; and it is always to be remembered that the majority of the inhabitants are not native born Americans, and that the greater part of the troubles of which we read as occurring here are caused by importations from Europe, of which Americans generally would gladly be relieved. But New York, along with the worst of its scoundrelism, is also indebted to Europe for much of its social salt.

At the head of many of its greatest educational, benevolent, and religious movements are Englishmen, Scotchmen, and Germans, who, having been prosperous in business in New York, freely give their time, intelligence, and wealth to the best institutions in the City.

New York and Chicago represent the nervous, spasmodic, excitable phases of commercial activity more than any other American cities. Everything here seems to be done at full speed. In the Banks and offices there are commonly several persons waiting to see the same man, and interviews thus become brief, words few, decisions prompt. Every clerk or storekeeper is occupied every moment, and seems to have more on hand than he can accomplish. In the streets everybody walks as fast as he can until he reaches a tram-car or ferry-boat. The tram-cars are more taken advantage of than in any other city except Vienna. There are neither cabs nor hansoms, and the only hacks are elegant landaus, with pairs of horses, which very few people ride in, as the hire is under no civic regulation. The Hotels have their own stages, and so have the Transfer Companies—heavy coaches for carrying ponderous trunks. There are no underground railways, but there is an elevated railway

running in the middle of a street upon iron pillars, half as high as the houses, whose windows are not a little obstructed. In Broadway and Fifth Avenue tramways are not permitted, and small omnibuses are driven without conductors, the owners finding they can rely on the honour of the passengers to put their fares into a box better than they can on the honesty of the conductor to pay over all he collects. In the tramway cars the conductor every time he receives a fare punches a ticket, which records the number of fares, and at the same time tingles a bell, so that the passengers may observe whether he does it. Everything is contrived for saving time. Newspapers are issued at almost every hour of the day; but the Bankers and Merchants have electric telegraph instruments in their offices running all the day, and printing off on long rolls of tape the important news and the latest prices of gold and of stocks.

One of the recent manias in New York was for putting up enormous offices. The Equitable Insurance Office is a prodigious erection, overtopping all the other offices near Wall Street and Broadway, and with numerous lifts continually ascending and descending, taking

persons up to and down from the multitude of offices on the different flats. At the top is a Restaurant, where the clerks can refresh themselves at a fixed tariff, and outside above that is a lofty cupola, much resorted to for the extensive outlook upon New York, Brooklyn, New Jersey, the Bay, and the North River. Other large and lofty structures, built of marble, granite, and iron, have been erected by other Insurance Companies, Banks, Newspapers, and Railroads. One of these, built at an expensive time, and not paying more than 2 per cent. on its cost, is said to have led to the stoppage of the Continental Insurance Co. Except that the Delaware and Hudson has such large revenues its costly buildings might have been financially fatal to it. In one newspaper office, desirable internal arrangements seem to have been sacrificed to external show. Another newspaper office is so tall and thin as to be little better than a signal post. Several of the most conspicuous buildings having been erected in haste are now repented of at leisure as monstrosities, wanting both in usefulness and taste. Others are alike substantial and elegant, and well adapted for their purposes. The great wholesale and retail warehouses like Claflin and Stewart's are not only wonderful in size, but

models in arrangement, surpassing any of the kind in London. Tiffany's is perhaps the most extensive and elegant jewellery establishment in the world. American ladies are as fond of diamonds as Dutch fraus are of golden headgear, and Tiffany probably turns over more money than any jeweller in Europe. The wife's diamonds are recognised as a useful reserve in case of financial collapse.

The people in New York are a moving people, and the system of streets and avenues, of tramway cars and steam ferries, is as nearly perfect as man can make it. In Scotland directions are commonly given by the points of the compass ; in England so many turns to the right and left ; in New York—and in America generally—by avenues and streets. When the avenues are named and the streets are numbered, and the avenues intersect the streets, it soon becomes easy to find any place in a city. In some cities they have gone further, and taken the number of the street as the first number of all the houses in it. For instance, number 75 in 21st Street will be 2175. When you wish to go to a particular number in a street you take a car that crosses it at the nearest corner. In New York the cars are generally crowded day

and night ; so are the stages, and so are the ferry-boats. These last are splendidly managed. They are of great size ; big enough to carry a large number of carriages and waggons in 'midships, and of passengers at the sides—the two being separated by bulkheads ; they steer both ways, so that they never need to turn ; they are rounded in a convex form at each end, which fits into a corresponding hollow in the wharf. Each boat runs into its own dock, and there is a kind of drawbridge at the wharf, rising and falling with the tide, so that the steamboat and the landing are always at the same level, and unless you look out you scarcely know whether you are on the wharf or on the steamboat. For New York, where there is rarely much swell on the water, the plan answers admirably ; but the New York ferry-boats could never cross the Tay with safety in a gale of wind. The method of landing, however, could be adopted with advantage, if a dock and wharf were constructed for the purpose. The ease with which 1000 people can land from one of these boats would be a treat if we could have it at the Tay Ferries. I have previously mentioned that all the ocean steamers have their own docks and wharves, as also have the American coasters,

and tramway cars run close by the ends of these, and to the doors of the railway stations and the Brooklyn and New Jersey Ferries, so that under the American baggage system you very seldom need to take a private conveyance.

Hotel life in New York is one of its most characteristic features. Next to it is the fondness for driving fast horses in the Central Park, so called because it is in the centre of Manhattan Island, although as yet in the West End of the City, which is creeping fast up to it. When Stewart's new store was built it was thought too far west, but it is now quite central. Business is rapidly moving westwards, and pushing the fashionable residences before it. These are to be found in Fifth and Madison Avenues, where are mansions as complete and as elegantly furnished as any in London. I was in some houses where nothing seemed to be wanting that the most refined and cultivated taste could desire—drawing-rooms, libraries, dining-rooms *en suite*—adorned with masterpieces of painting and sculpture, *récherché* editions of books, magnificent porcelain, Venetian cabinets—everything, in fact, indicative of culture and wealth. From many of these houses the occupants are driven in equipages which cannot be surpassed

in Mayfair. The young men, and some old ones, delight in fast trotting horses, and the speed at which the buggy is driven is representative of American fast life. Beyond 57th Street, Broadway runs into the country. At the East End of the Island it scarcely justifies its name, being little wider than the Strand; but at the West it becomes one of the broadest ways in the world, is admirably adapted for sleighing, and presents in winter a most animated scene. In the afternoon the roads of the Central Park become crowded with fast trotting horses, single and in pairs, in buggies, broughams, and landaus, and no better driving can be seen out of London. Nor is the enjoyment of the Park restricted to the rich. Open drags are available for moderate charges, in which parties of work-people and their families can drive round whenever they choose.

There is a great contrast between the feverishness of Wall Street, the crush of Broadway, and the coolness and quietness of the Western Avenues. Nor must it be supposed that the whole city is given up to the worship of Mammon. A stranger will be surprised to see the churches which have been erected by the voluntary liberality of pious people without any

aid from the State ; and I may close these notes on New York by alluding to its grand institutions for helping the unfortunate and alleviating human suffering. In America the people have got beyond begging, of sending round collectors for donations and subscriptions for such establishments as Infirmaries or Hospitals for the sick, Deaf and Dumb Institutions, Blind Asylums, Asylums for the Insane, and Industrial Schools. All such institutions as may be considered absolutely necessary for the sick, the infirm, those who are born or afflicted with physical defects, or suffering from parental vice or neglect, are regarded as the wards of the State or the children of the municipality, and State or City funds are appropriated for their benefit. Considering the too general tendency to jobbery in the public affairs of New York, I am glad to speak from observation of the excellent management of its philanthropic and educational Institutions, conducted by men of the highest character and position from purely benevolent motives. Gentlemen who are known to feel an interest in particular Institutions are nominated by the Governor or Mayor of New York as Commissioners to superintend the expenditure of the State or City's appropriations, to watch the general

management, see to the conduct of the officers, make new appointments, adjudicate in cases of complaint and dispute, and report annually what changes have occurred, what improvements are recommended, and what further appropriations are required. The Commissioners give their time and the City provides the funds, although these are sometimes added to by the benevolence of individuals anxious to do things on a larger or more expensive scale than the City Council may be willing to approve. I visited two of these Institutions along with a friend, who is one of the Commissioners and also President of one of them. The first was the State Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, which has on its Board of Directors twenty of the leading clergymen, medical men, lawyers, bankers, merchants in New York, several of them being Doctors of Divinity, Senators, Physicians, Judges, and Doctors of Laws. There is also a Committee of fifteen ladies, to whose charge the female department is more particularly entrusted. The Principal is Dr Peel, and the Superintendent and Physician, Dr Porter. Two of the teachers are Masters of Arts, and a third a B.A. The teaching staff numbers nearly twenty. Last year there

were 550 pupils, of whom 379 were supported by the State of New York, 106 by the different Counties of the State, 55 by the State of New Jersey, and only 10 by parents and friends. The total cost last year was about £40,000. As regards cleanliness, comfort, and order, and the amenities of its situation, surrounded by foliage, and with a fine prospect on the North River, this Institution is perfect. I was present at the examination of several classes, and was delighted with the lively intelligence manifested by the older pupils, whose impromptu compositions on the black boards with reference to myself and to Scotland were very amusing. They are not taught as machines, but their thinking powers and their faculty of expression in writing are wonderfully developed.

The second Institution I visited was the Five Points House of Industry, a large Industrial School for the young waifs and strays of New York—the majority of them very young. Five Points was formerly one of the worst parts of New York, full of a profligate, criminal, and dangerous class. The religious and philanthropic made it an object of special attention and effort, and by the aid of schools and mission churches have worked a great change for the better upon

it. The benefits arising from the Five Points House of Industry have been such that it has been recently adopted as part of the educational system of the city, and receives an appropriation from the City Funds, while remaining practically under the charge of its original promoters. In every department there are evidences of the care bestowed on the health and comfort of the children, while their mental and moral training is conducted with great success by the teachers. At the request of the President, I gave the little ones a short description of the most striking things I had seen in America, and was rewarded by their eager attention. I should say that both these Institutions, although supported from public funds, are as thoughtfully, economically, and successfully managed as any similar Institutions at home which depend entirely on the liberality of private individuals.

BOSTON AND ITS SURROUNDINGS.

I could not leave America without visiting the capital of New England—unquestionably the most elegant as well as the most ancient and home-like of American cities. There is an aristocratic dignity which may be found in some portions of other Eastern cities, but which pervades Boston generally. It is not unlike Bristol and Clifton as compared with Manchester and Liverpool. Everywhere there are indications of high culture and refinement. The new Railway Station, through which we pass on landing, could not have been planned more chastely if it had been intended only for Princes. There is nothing like it in England and Scotland—with its beautiful marble pavements, its handsome halls, its delicate restaurants, cafes, and retiring rooms. Then on passing out we are almost immediately in a Park which reminds one of St James's Park in London, while the streets that border it equally remind one of Piccadilly, with the advantage of a much brighter sun and clearer sky. Boston is freer from smoke than most American towns, and the

new buildings erected since its great fire look much newer than those erected about the same time at Chicago. The Common or Park at Boston has the merit of being almost in the very centre of the city. Its trees are lofty, its walks well laid out and well kept, and its monuments above the average in artistic taste. Taking up our quarters at the Tremont House, we have the advantage for three days of the guidance of excellent Scotch friends in seeing the City, the Harbour, and the suburbs.

We first went the round of the business part of the city, and greatly admired the style of the offices and warehouses which have been reared on the fifty acres of ground devastated by the conflagration in November 1872. Nowhere is there a commercial city having a more handsome appearance. There may not be the same crowding and hurrying as in New York, Philadelphia, or Chicago; but there are all the evidences here of solid, substantial wealth. The new Post Office and the City Hall are structures that would put the majority of such buildings in England to shame. The Post Office, which is built of granite, has a frontage of 200 feet, a lofty domed roof, and cost more than half-a-million sterling. Here it is worth noting, while I remember, that all

through America the private letter-boxes are so made and placed as to be accessible to their owners, who can see when there are letters or papers placed in them, and can open them with their private keys—which saves all the crowding and hurry-scurry of our private letter-box deliveries. The City Hall is also a very handsome and well-arranged building. When visiting it I made some inquiries as to the working of the municipal system, and found that it differs in some important respects from ours. The Aldermen—or, as we should call them, Bailies—do not sit along with the Councillors, but have a separate Chamber; and the Mayor, or Provost, does not preside at the meetings either of the Aldermen or Councillors, who each appoint their own Chairman. The Mayor, who receives a salary equivalent to £1000 a-year, generally holds office for two or three years, and devotes his whole time to his duties. He has much more power than an English Mayor or Scotch Provost. He can veto any resolution of the Aldermen and Council involving any organic change or large expenditure of money. To be Mayor of Boston is considered a great honour, and one who passes through the Mayoralty with credit is considered to have

a good claim to the still higher office of the Governorship of the State. A statue of Benjamin Franklin, the printer and patriot, journalist and electrician, adorns the City Hall Square. A native of Boston, he is one of the numerous Bostonians of whom the City may be justly proud. There are some other fine modern buildings ; but I was more interested in the Fanueil Hall, the scene of so many stirring political meetings, and in the Old South Church, which is to Boston what Independence Hall is to Philadelphia. Here Franklin was baptised and Whitfield preached ; here the first meetings against the tea duties were held, and from it the men marched to attack the tea ships ; here for nearly two centuries the Governor and Legislature of the State have attended divine service before entering on their duties ; and it was to save this church from destruction that the supreme effort was made which stopped the progress of the great fire four years ago. The congregation which formerly worshipped here has recently erected an exquisitely finished church in the west end of the City, the only fault of which is that it is too small—the pews only accommodating 800 sitters. The ground on which the Old Church stands has become immensely valuable, and the congregation

having received an offer for it of \$400,000, a number of the wealthy men in Boston, rather than allow such an interesting historical edifice to be removed, subscribed the money for the purpose of dedicating the building for ever to the City. Another well-known historical scene in Boston is Bunker Hill, which is now made further conspicuous by a monument, seen from a considerable distance.

From the business part of the town I went down to the Harbour—Mr James Alexander, the able and courteous representative of the Cunard Company in Boston, having kindly offered to show me the shipping accommodation of the port, and especially the arrangements of the Cunard Steamship Wharves at East Boston, which are the most complete I have seen anywhere, and a model for any Harbour in the world. They have been constructed by joint arrangement with the Boston and Albany and the Eastern Railroads. They project 650 feet from the shore—the first section near the land being solid and enclosed by a strong stone wall, upon which, first of all, is a large United States Bonded Warehouse, built of granite, for the storing of goods in bond; second, a blacksmith and carpenter's shop; and, third, opposite to the

former, a large boarding-house for emigrants, where they are fed and kept comfortably—free from the incursions and rapacity of land-sharks—until they go on board the railway cars which are to convey them to their destination. Emigrants are nowhere so carefully treated as at Boston, where everything is done for their safety and convenience that can be devised. The greater part of the solid section of the wharf is used for storing coals. Then we come to the main body of the wharf, which is strongly built of timber upon piles, and is of one storey, and has a tin roof. This part alone is 500 feet long, and railway cars—either passenger or freight—can run to the outer end of it, landing upon a central raised platform, which is just the right height for waggons and carts to take or deliver freight upon. The economy in handling goods here must be extraordinary. Steam cranes and derricks are worked all over the wharf, which has outer piers on three sides, at which two steamers 400 feet long can have 23 feet depth of water at low tide, and another of 200 feet can be moored across the end. After seeing this splendid wharf, Mr Alexander took us in a small steamer round the Harbour and past the Navy Yards, where we saw one old

ship in a condition of neglect which would never be seen in the English Navy, and where we had ocular demonstration that the system of breaking up old vessels is followed there as well as in our dockyards. With respect to the shipping trade of Boston, we learned that it is expected to receive a great stimulus from the improved railway connections now being made with the Western States, which will enable freights to be shipped as cheaply at Boston as New York. It seems a pity that there is no direct steamer between Glasgow and Boston; and considering the large quantity of Dundee goods sent to the latter port, it would surely be worth the Cunard Company endeavouring to lessen the through charges by establishing regular communication between the Clyde and Charles's River.

After being refreshed at the Union Club, we visited the Music Hall, and the Public Library. The first is in possession of the wonderful organ which has 5500 pipes and more than eighty complete registers. The last is the Public Library of Boston, and contains the most complete collection of United States Documents extant. It was founded in 1852, almost contemporaneously with the establishment of the Public Free Libraries of Manchester and Liver-

pool ; but although those cities far outvie it in population and wealth, their efforts, great as these have been, to maintain and extend the usefulness of their Libraries, sink into insignificance when compared with the princely liberality which has enabled it to rank with the most extensive Libraries in America, and to present an aggregate of issues unapproached by any. It is supported by an appropriation from the funds of the city, which last year amounted to \$111,000 (upwards of £23,000), and the interest of various sums contributed or bequeathed by seven individuals and the Franklin Club, amounting to \$105,000, and yielding \$6300 per annum. Including several sums from other sources, the yearly income will be little short of £25,000. The shelves of the Central Library and six branches contain 297,875 volumes. The number of persons registered as having liberty to take books for home use is 97,388, and last year upwards of 73,000 of these made use of the Library to the extent of 947,621 volumes, or about 13 volumes to each reader. In the reading-rooms 317,308 visitors made use of 400,452 periodicals. At the branches the attendance is about stationary ; but at the Central Library, in Boylston Street, the

accommodation is too confined, and an enlargement of such would result in a considerable increase of readers. During twenty-three years (1854-76) more than 6,000,000 of volumes have been circulated, and this diffusion of knowledge is rightly looked upon as an important factor in the work of education. The service of the Library is conducted by 125 persons, 82 of whom are ladies, a considerable number occupying important and responsible positions. Last year the cost of this service was \$67,651, and as the city appropriated \$69,500 for this purpose, it will be seen that the actual cost was considerably within the estimate. The books purchased within the year cost \$26,368, and the periodicals, \$3945 ; together, \$30,313 (£6315)—a sum sufficient to excite the envy of the Committees who manage similar Institutions in our own land. The Bindery, which is an integral portion of the Institution, is conducted by one foreman and eight assistants—the half of whom are ladies. Last year, in addition to a large quantity of miscellaneous work, there were bound no fewer than 10,989 volumes, many of them beautiful examples of the bookbinder's art, the cost of the whole being \$5137. Without enumerating the purchases from Trust Funds,

the number of volumes presented to the Library since its opening exhibits a total of 107,016—an example of liberality worthy of imitation in Dundee. The Institution is managed by nine Trustees, acting under the authority of the City Council of Boston ; and they justly congratulate the Council on the continued success of the Library, and the fact that no individual, to their knowledge, has asked for reasonable help without receiving it, or without being met by efforts to afford it.

Boston is extraordinarily rich in its intellectual and artistic resources—its Libraries, Museums, Picture Galleries, and statuary. It is the Athens of the American Continent. It has surpassing attractions as a city for the learned and refined. It also has most charming suburbs. You can drive mile after mile and hour after hour on roads sheltered by trees, between gently rising uplands, where are many sequestered glades and nooks seized upon for the summer residences of the Boston citizens. Of course we visited Mount Auburn, a very picturesque cemetery, extending over 150 acres ; and Cambridge, whose University has already reared a long roll of distinguished men, and whose Memorial Hall—erected in honour of *alumni*

who fell in the Civil War—is a splendid building, worthy of any University in the world. Harvard University numbers amongst her sons Cotton and Increase Mather, and W. E. Channing, theologians; John Adams and John Quincy Adams, Presidents of the United States; Edward Everett, Caleb Cushing, Charles Sumner, and Wendell Phillips, orators and statesmen; W. H. Prescott, George Bancroft, and T. L. Motley, historians; Ralph Waldo Emerson, Oliver Wendell Holmes, R. H. Dana, jun., W. D. Thoreau, and J. Russell Lowell, literary men and poets—all men of world-wide fame, besides many of considerable American repute. No University in the world has sent forth more, if so many, eminent men in the same period of time. From Boylston Street, in Boston, there branch out numerous other fine streets named after old towns and Peers in England, and running on alphabetically from Arlington to Berkeley, Clarendon, Dartmouth, Exeter, and so on. This part of Boston equals the finest districts in the West End of London—Commonwealth Street being notably handsome and pleasant, from its great width and central garden. Altogether, Boston is the Eastern City in which Europeans are likely to feel most at home.

THE PACIFIC MILLS AT LAWRENCE.

From Boston I took a day's excursion in order to see the largest, and probably the most successful, manufacturing establishment in America, which is situated at Lawrence, about 26 miles distant. I stopped three or four miles short of it, at Andover, where the enterprise of Messrs Smith & Dove—Scotchmen, originally from Forfarshire—have turned a small water-power to good account, and established a second Brechin, minus its Town Council and Lower Tenements. The mills here have a prosperous appearance, and the town is one of the most picturesque in Massachusetts, while its College—famous as the theological seminary of the Congregationalists in New England—is beautifully situated. At the end of a fine avenue of trees is a College building erected by the liberality of Messrs Smith & Dove, to which the name of Brechin Hall has been given, in honour of the birthplace of the donors, who are the manufacturing magnates of Andover. I missed seeing the gentlemen here, to whom I had letters of introduction, which, however, probably gave

me more time for going through the neighbouring mills at Lawrence, which I should be sorry not to have seen.

Lowell has been more heard of in England than Lawrence, in consequence of the visits and descriptions by Sir Charles Lyell, Dickens, and Frederika Bremer ; but having been informed that the Pacific Mills at Lawrence were the largest, and that the goods manufactured in them were known in every dry-goods store in the United States, I resolved to visit them, and was exceedingly well repaid for the time I spent there. I may mention, first of all, that a magnificent water-power, equal to 10,000 horses, is obtained from the Merrimac. The lade, as we call it in Scotland, is 100 feet wide, 28 feet deep, and a mile long, having on its banks nearly a dozen manufacturing establishments, chief of which are the Pacific Mills. The principal mill is the largest I have seen anywhere, being 810 feet long by 70 feet in width, and having seven floors. Besides this there are numerous other buildings, one of them, the worsted mill, being 320 by 45 feet—the establishment altogether having forty-one acres of floorage. It has 11 turbine water-wheels, with an aggregate of 2000 H.P., besides 37 steam

engines and 50 boilers, consuming 23,000 tons of coal per annum. The fabrics made here consist both of wool and cotton, separately and in combination, and include the whole processes, from the opening of the woolpacks and bales of cotton to the sending away of the dyed and printed materials. The worsted goods most largely produced are poplin and alpaca lustres, merinoes, jacquards, and serges ; and in printed and dyed cottons, jaconets, organdies, lawns, cretonnes, and prints. There are 135,000 spindles on cotton, and 25,000 spindles on worsted. The weekly spinning of cotton amounts to 116,000 lbs., and of fleece wool to 65,000 lbs. The number of looms is 4500 ; the yards of cloth printed or dyed are 1,000,000 ; and there are twenty-four printing machines, printing from one to sixteen colours. The printing department was to me exceedingly interesting, and confirmed an old conviction of mine that typographic printing has long been relatively inferior to calico printing, while the cost of type-printing machines is absurdly out of proportion to those used in manufactures. The precautions against fire appear to be very complete. All the floors are reached by outside stairs ; there are ten fire-

escapes ; and there are four towers with reservoirs of water sufficient to flood any part of the buildings.

Vast as the buildings are, and admirable as the machinery, order, and cleanliness throughout, I was most interested in the arrangements for the social and educational wellbeing of the operatives. The number of hands regularly employed in the Pacific Mills is between five and six thousand. There were on the books at the time of my visit 3534 women and girls, and 1766 men and boys. The average earnings of the former are 98c., and of the latter 1 dol. 40c., —or say 3s 8d and 5s 3d a day. The wages are all paid monthly, on the second Friday in each month, and the rule is to keep a fortnight's wages in hand. From the incorporation of the Company in 1853 there has been, as I learned from Mr Fallon, the Manager, who kindly furnished me with much valuable information, a fixed purpose to do all that can be done to care for and elevate the operatives physically, morally, and intellectually, so far as this can be accomplished without interference with the proper discharge of the business of the Company. Nearly three hundred houses have been erected, chiefly as boarding-houses for the young

people, which have large rooms for meals below, and numerous smaller apartments for lodgers above. These houses are built with ample breathing space externally and internally, and are generally three storeys high. I inquired of one of the boarding-house keepers what the meals commonly consisted of, and was told that at breakfast there was tea and coffee, meat and potatoes, hot rolls and bread, and apple or other fruit pies; at dinner, beef or mutton, roasted and boiled, potatoes, cabbages, tomatoes, onions, squash, and other vegetables, and different kinds of fruit pies; and at tea, sliced bread and tea, with hot rolls every Wednesday night. This will be thought very luxurious living, but I believe it is the average dietary of the working people of the States, and notwithstanding what may seem its attractiveness, and all that is otherwise done for them, nearly 400 of the females change their places each month. As a rule, the workpeople, especially the females, dress very neatly, the only complaint I heard, indeed, being that they are apt to spend too much on dress. The heads of families have been encouraged to build houses for themselves, the Company making loans to them at 6 per cent. to enable them to do so; and it is

believed that about 40 per cent. of the men permanently in the Company's service have houses of their own. For many years the Company received deposits from the work-people, and allowed 6 per cent. interest upon them, but the sum they received was so large that they ultimately shrank from the responsibility of holding it, and this has been given up. The Company has long provided a library and reading-rooms. The library contains 7000 volumes, and there are 700 daily readers. It is open from 9 A.M. to 9 P.M. to all the work people and their families. There is a Relief Society, whereby the sick are provided with a weekly allowance during sickness, which has worked well, and been the means of preventing much poverty and distress. The rules are very similar to those which regulate the management of the sick fund of the Dundee Yearly Societies. Every person connected with the works must be a member, and if earning more than three dollars weekly must, on every pay-day at the time of receiving wages, pay at the rate of two cents a week ; but any person earning less than this sum is not allowed to pay more than one cent a week. While on the sick list two dollars are paid weekly to the first, and one dollar

twenty-five cents to the latter. The Corporation of the Pacific Mills agreed, at the formation of the Society in 1854, to pay two dollars fifty cents per week ; but during the last five years this sum has been doubled. Last year the income was \$7451, equal to £1552, and the sum paid as benefits and extra sick allowances was \$4193, equal to £873. In case of dissatisfaction with any action of the Board of Government an appeal may be taken, not to arbitration as with the Dundee Societies, but to the Directors of the Corporation or their representative in Lawrence, whose decision is final. During the last seven years an interesting record of the diseases prevalent has been kept, from which I learn that while fever has attacked no fewer than 710 persons, and kept them, in the aggregate, off work 4367 weeks, diseases of the throat and lungs have laid up 364, little more than one-half, but the period of enforced idleness extended, in the aggregate, to 3253 weeks, or nearly three-fourths. During the whole of these seven years there was only one case of small-pox, probably because special provision is made for examining every person admitted to the work. An Hospital for the sick, where those suffering from ailments or accidents

can receive greater attention than in the boarding-houses, has also been established by the Company. It is under the charge of a matron, and the superintendence of a physician ; and has all the apparatus and sanitary appliances necessary for such an Institution. A certain degree of moral *surveillance* is exercised over the employees, and an openly profane or drunken man has no chance of being retained in the employment. One result of the interest exhibited in the welfare of the work people is that since the establishment of the Company there has been nothing like a strike, and if any difficulty has arisen it has been amicably adjusted. In connection with the Paris Exhibition in 1867 the late Emperor of France offered ten prizes of 1000 francs to whatever individuals or Society had accomplished most to secure a state of harmony between employers and their work people, and had been most successful in advancing their material, intellectual, and moral wellbeing. Five hundred applications were received from different countries in Europe and from the United States. Nine of the ten prizes were given to applicants in France and Germany and the tenth to the United States, being to the Pacific Mills, which really received the second

prize—M. Schneider at Creuzot being awarded the first.

The hours of labour at Lawrence are from 6.30 A.M. to 6.30 P.M. in summer, with an hour for dinner—between 12 and 1 o'clock—and stopping at mid-day on Saturdays. In winter the engine starts at 6.45 A.M., and runs till 6 P.M., stopping an hour for dinner, and running on Saturday till 4.30 P.M. There are only five holidays in the year—Washington's birthday in February, the Fast-day in April, Independence Day in July, Thanksgiving Day after harvest, and Christmas Day.

Of the manufacturing position of the United States I can only give the conclusions at which I arrived from my observations, without setting forth the data on which they were reached. They are, that America, including both the United States and Canada, will become less and less dependent upon the rest of the world for imported products and goods. At present, while the United States, under a highly protective tariff, are shutting us very much out of their markets, they, so far as manufactures are concerned, are also shutting themselves out of all the markets of the world. A high tariff means high wages, and where both the raw

material and the manufactured article are produced under highly-paid labour, it is impossible to compete with countries where labour is relatively cheap. It only needs one or two men with the ability of Cobden and Bright—and there is an opening for such men which is sure in due time to be filled—to convince the masses of American people that they, as a nation, are now being exorbitantly taxed for the benefit of a small manufacturing class. But many manufactures are now so firmly established that it is certain that America will become a great manufacturing, as well as a great producing country. Having so wide an area, with such diversities of climate, soil, and people, everything that can be grown in any part of the world can be grown in the United States. Corn, oil, and wine—the ancient symbols of Arcadian wealth—are already superabundant. California and Oregon this year will ship nearly three-quarters of a million tons of the finest wheat. Splendid Malaga and Black Hamburg grapes were selling when I was in San Francisco at a penny per pound ; bunches like those of Eshcol were offered me at Sacramento for 5 cents. Then every mineral that is named by the mineralogist abounds in different regions of the States—

especially iron, copper, tin, lead, silver, quicksilver, and gold, and there are some places where these are to be found purer and in greater bodies than in any other parts of the known world. There are mountains of iron, beds of copper, and rich pockets of silver and gold. Still more important are the immense coal measures underlying extensive tracts of the country, and differing from many of ours in the fact that they underlie rich and fertile soils. Possessing these rich natural gifts, America needs little from foreign lands; and, populated by our own children—ingenious, inventive, plodding, and persevering—they will not fail to turn all their advantages to good account. No intelligent man could see the wonderful products shown in the Agricultural Department of the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia without astonishment and delight, or inspect the scarcely less wonderful implements and machinery invented by American skill without pleasure and admiration. Placed in different circumstances and acting under different conditions, the Americans have shown the same capacity as English and Scotchmen to win the mastery over every difficulty—to obtain dominion over the earth, to subdue and replenish it. In some of

our specialities they may not equal us, but in their own they surpass us. The division of labour is not carried on the other side of the Atlantic to the same minute degrees it is on this, and the result is, if in some cases rougher work, handier, more intelligent, and more inventive workmen. As a rule, too, in America good material is more insisted upon and inferior less tolerated than with us. People having more money to spend will not put up with inferior tools. In some things, such as furniture, the prevalence of certain good forms leads to monotony, and the substitution of machine for hand-made articles gives a stereotyped uniformity of style wearisome to an artistic taste.

AMERICAN HOTELS AND HOTEL LIFE.

If there is one thing more than another in which the largeness of American ideas is everywhere apparent it is in their Hotels, which are fully proportioned to the greatness of their cities and of their country. With us it was long the aim—I refer to the old coaching days—to have in our Inns as much as possible of the quietness, snugness, and domesticity of our homes. The great Hotels in the States have not been built upon the idea of the English Inn or Tavern, but upon that of the French Hotel, adapted and enlarged to meet the requirements of an unsettled and travelling people. In all the newly settled States, or States that are only in process of being settled, there are large numbers of single men who either do not wish to marry or cannot find single women who wish to marry them. The only way for them to get housekeepers is to get wives, and, failing this, they must live at boarding-houses or Hotels. Then in both the small and great cities—and I may remark that almost every village calls itself a City, believing that it will some day become

one—there are many newly-married couples, and some old couples without families, or with only one or two children, who find that they can live more cheaply, with more style and less trouble about furnishing, cooking and attendance, by living in Hotels than in houses of their own. As a rule, rents in America are exceedingly high. In cities like New York, Chicago, and San Francisco they are enormous, even as compared with the greatest sums now paid in London, Manchester, or Glasgow. So are servants' wages, and, however high they are, the general complaint is of the impossibility of being waited upon and served in the way expected in older countries. Hence with many living in Hotels is scarcely a matter of choice, and hence also the largeness of American Hotels. While they are resorted to by Europeans—"globe-trotters," as they are sometimes called—and by travelling Americans, the permanent boarders—those who keep their rooms for months and years together—are the mainstay of every Hotel. Some wealthy people seem to be always "moving round," being perhaps in New York, Philadelphia, or St Louis in the winter, and Newport, Longbranch, Saratoga, or Niagara in the summer. In the Eastern States,

amongst the native Americans, small families are almost as much the rule as in France, and this favours Hotel life. In a western city, however, I heard of one gentleman who, with his wife and ten children, lived in the chief Hotel there, paying a very large annual sum for their board and lodging. It is not at all uncommon to see the papa and mamma with three or four sons and daughters, when these are sufficiently grown up, sitting together at their meals at the same table. The habit of living at Hotels has doubtless much to do in giving the young ladies that remarkable coolness and self-possession which generally characterise them. For young children and nurses separate meals are provided at different hours from those of the adults. To me, with my old world notions of home training, it was often melancholy to see young children, little toddling things, and others up to ten or twelve years of age, continually "dressed up to the nines" so as to be fit to be seen in the elegant corridors of the grand city Hotels. This very artificial hothouse kind of life cannot have a healthy influence either on the physical or moral condition of those tender human plants.

If I name some Hotels at which I stayed it is

for the sake of making my descriptions more definite, and not to praise any one at the expense of others. I was not a "dead-head," but everywhere paid my bill, and was under no obligation except for the civility which was shown me. If you ask which is the best Hotel in any city, different people will generally give you different answers, and commonly recommend the one they have resorted to themselves. In New York, for instance, there is a perplexing choice of Hotels deserving the title of first-class, and it depends very much whether you wish to be near the business part of the city or in the more fashionable quarter which of them you may be induced to select. The Fifth Avenue, Windsor, Buckingham, Grand, St James, Everett, Clarendon, Westminster, Brevoort, and Astor House are all much frequented and recommended by Europeans as well as Americans. There are many others where Americans most do congregate. The Fifth Avenue is externally the most imposing, being built of white marble, and having a fine frontage to Madison Square on Broadway. From its central position, it is generally crowded, and its office frequently resembles a public Exchange in the bustling throng of persons coming in, going out, making

inquiries, meeting and talking ; while the stacks of trunks and other luggage piled up in the lobbies are stupendous. The public office is an important institution in every American Hotel, and instead of being "cribbed, cabined, and confined," as it almost always is in an English Hotel, it generally occupies a large space on the ground floor, is wide and lofty, and sometimes runs right through the building. In the new hotels the office and central lobby are paved with marble in black and white diamond slabs. In the centre at one side is a long counter, where the manager or one of the proprietors, the cashier, and the clerks are to be found ready to answer inquiries, allocate apartments, give or receive the keys of your rooms, hand your letters, for which boxes, with numbers corresponding to your rooms, are provided, and take payment of your account. Opposite, or at a slight distance from this, is another counter, where a railway and steamboat ticket agent will inform you when every train or steamer starts for any part of the States ; will give you one, or, if you wish it, fifty different maps and time-tables issued by the different Railway and Steamboat Companies ; and will also give you tickets to take you wherever you wish to go.

This is a great convenience. You can get your railway or steamboat ticket at the Hotel you are staying at without any hurry or pushing or crushing; and by handing your ticket to the porter he will get your luggage checked to go to that place by any train you wish; and you need take no further trouble about it. There are also in connection with the Hotels large baggage-rooms, where you can leave any part of your luggage as long as you please. I left at New York in August a small box and hat-case, which I found all right and brought away on the 1st of November. A newspaper, magazine, and book stand is always to be found in the office or corridor, besides which a boy is always in attendance at the door of the breakfast-room with the morning papers. In addition to these conveniences, it is common to have shops in a part of the street floor of the Hotels, at which cigars, shirts, ties, sox, shoes and slippers, and many other personal requirements can be obtained.

In New York a friend had arranged for me before I landed that I should go to the Windsor, as being the quietest and most elegant of the large Hotels on the Fifth Avenue. I could not have been introduced at the beginning to a finer

specimen of the American Hotels. Its frontage extends over the entire block between Forty-sixth and Forty-seventh Streets, and its grand entrance-hall alone is as large as many Scotch Hotels, and paved with marble like an Italian palace. Near the doorway is a fine display of ferns and plants. The main staircase is of pure white marble pannelled with dark Lisbon; the visitors' and ladies' staircase has encaustic tiles and variegated marbles. The cabinet work, upholstery, and frescoes throughout are in the best taste—elegance and refinement having been studied in every detail. Better taste I have never seen than in the splendid dining-room, drawing-room, and ladies' boudoir, while each bedroom and parlour is as nearly perfect as it can be made. And here I may remark that the bedrooms are not such miserable narrow boxes as one is crushed into in the crowded Hotels of London, Manchester, or Glasgow, but large enough to answer both as parlour and bedroom. This results from many continually living as well as sleeping in them. In all good Hotels in America the rooms are of such size that the beds only take up a small part of them. There is sure to be a good wardrobe, two or three easy-chairs, a large dressing-table with high

back and mirror, a mirror over the mantelpiece, a writing-table, and a closet. My bedroom at the Windsor was exceedingly cool and pleasant. In reaching it I always used the elevator, which is continually ascending and descending from six in the morning till twelve at night. The excellent attendance at the Windsor is one of its most praiseworthy features. A maid generally sits at a corner of each landing ready to answer a summons, by the electric bell, from any of the rooms. The male attendance likewise is all that can be desired.

At Saratoga I visited the huge United States Hotel, which has 1100 rooms, but where the furnishings were all too gorgeous and flashy for my taste. The Cataract Hotel at Niagara is another great establishment, but of irregular construction. Some of the finest Hotels in the country are at Chicago—notably the Grand Pacific Hotel, the Palmer House, and the Sherman House. The most money, perhaps, has been spent on the decoration and upholstery of the Palmer House, which is, if anything, too magnificent, and I prefer the architectural plan of the Grand Pacific, which is exceedingly spacious, airy, and well ventilated—the ventilation being simply perfection. The Grand Pacific Hotel

occupies an entire square, and cost a quarter of a million sterling for the building alone, and £70,000 more for the furniture; it has four fronts 375 by 200 feet; is of seven and eight storeys; and reaches a height of 130 feet. It has 500 rooms, 250 of which have bath-rooms and W.C.'s attached to them. The Grand Dining-Room is 130 feet long by 60 feet wide. There is a Ladies' Ordinary 60 feet square, and saloon 130 by 30 feet. The principal corridors are 325 feet long. Anxious to see the interior working of one of these enormous hotels I descended with Mr Drake, the able Manager, into the subterranean regions, and saw the splendid arrangements of the kitchen for having in readiness everything mentioned in the extensive bill of fare as soon as possible after it is ordered. There is no mixing up of one thing with another, but everything has its own copper or other vessel, so as to preserve its own flavour, and everything is so placed as to prevent confusion and to move on in the most systematic manner. Then there are large ice chambers, where meat, fish, and vegetables are kept cool in the hottest weather. The grocery store resembles a wholesale warehouse. A powerful steam engine assists a multitude of operations,

all that can be done by machinery being done to save labour. The managers of Hotels like these need to be men both with remarkable faculty of government and minute knowledge of details, both of which Mr Drake eminently possesses.

The only other Hotel which I need specially mention is the Palace Hotel at San Francisco—the largest and most complete Hotel in the world. It is seven storeys high, and is 350 feet in length, by 275 feet in depth. It is on the plan of some Hotels in Vienna, the large outer building enclosing interior quadrangles covered with glass. Within the external structure there are two blocks filled with parlours and bedrooms. Between these blocks and the outer part of the Hotel are open courts, through which all the supplies of the Hotel are brought and all refuse taken away. Each storey has a glass-enclosed corridor, lighted from these courts. The most remarkable feature is the large central court, 144 feet in length, by 84 feet in width, and covered entirely with glass. The carriages drive into this court to set down or take up the guests and their luggage. The parlours of the inner sections of the Hotel all open upon corridors, 12 feet wide, handsomely completed, and which surround the centre court. It looks like a

quadrangular theatre with seven galleries. I quote the following brief description of the building, which I received from Mr Warren Leland, the obliging lessee :—

“The lower storey is 25 feet high, the others 16 and 14 feet. All walls and partitions throughout the Hotel are built of stone and brick, laid in cement, and banded together with iron. Fronting the Centre Court, from every storey, and upon its entire boundary, there are Verandahs, 12 feet wide, illuminated by standard lights at each pillared section, and from the garden level to the verandah of the second floor is an elegant staircase, ornamented at its various landings with statuary and flower vases. Midway up this staircase is the approach to the Music Pavilion, for the use of the instrumental band. From the Centre Court is the main entrance to the Hotel Office, that room being 55 by 65, as also the entrance to the Breakfast Room, 110 by 55; Dining-Room, 150 by 55; Ball and Music Room, 65 by 55; Ladies' Reception Room, 40 by 40; Reading Room, 40 by 40; Committee Rooms and other general apartments, used in common—all these rooms having other convenient entrances. On the second floor are Ladies' Drawing-Room, 84 by 40; Children's Dining Hall, and Private Dining-Rooms. The rooms for guests are equally well finished and furnished, and arranged for use either singly or in suites of two or more, they being so approached and connected that a suite of any number can be had possessing all the

advantages of a private dwelling. All outer rooms have a bay window, and every room a fire-place, a clothes closet, and toilet-room; and to every two rooms there is a Bath-room and W.C. The total number of rooms in the Palace, above the garden floor, exclusively for the use of guests—most of them being 20 feet square, and none of less size than 16 by 16—are 755. Each floor has its own annunciator, with its special service in constant attendance, as also a tube receptacle for letters for Post Office, all leading to the main letterbox in the general office. There is a pneumatic despatch tube, by which messages and parcels can be instantaneously sent to any point on the different floors. All the rooms have approach or entrance from the arcades, furnished by the existence of the three inner courts, thereby giving to all interior rooms fresh air and sunlight. The system of ventilation applied to all the rooms, including the bath and toilet rooms, is perfect, there being a total number of 2042 ventilating tubes opening outward on the roof of the Hotel; each one coming from some particular room or closet. And for each room there is special provision made to admit the fresh air. Upon the garden floor of the Palace there is an Arcade Promenade, 12 feet wide, with entrances to all the stores under the Hotel, each one having a show window upon the Promenade. The Palace Hotel is elegantly furnished, equally well upon every floor, and as complete in extent of detail as the comforts of the patrons can desire. In addition to being fire-proof, as mentioned, the arrangement for protection against fire is perfect, the Hotel having four Artesian wells, a reservoir under the

garden plot—holding capacity being 630,000 gallons—steam-engines, steam-pumps, and a supply of 14,570 feet of hose, which, with fire apparatus complete, is located at convenient stations upon each floor of the building. In every room and passageway throughout the Hotel there is a thermostatic bulb, by which any extra degree of heat existing will be announced at the general office upon a dial stating the exact locality, making thereby a complete fire-alarm guard. The watchman's tell-tale indicator, in the office, faithfully reports the intervals of the watchman upon his regular rounds, both day and night, and in other respects indicate the method and manner of his attention to duty. There are five elevators and seven stairways leading from garden floor to the upper storey. There is a solid iron staircase, enclosed by brick, which leads from basement to upper storey, having openings only on each floor. The elevators are worked by hydraulic power, and while the most desirable speed is attained they are safe and noiseless."

It will be seen that everything that can be thought of has been adopted in this Hotel for the comfort of the guests. Before it was built the architect visited all the best Hotels in the United States and Europe in order to adopt every improvement that could be suggested. The only fault is that it is too large, even with the best of systems and appliances, it being difficult to secure prompt attendance in the

private rooms. The exterior of the building, which has some 300 bay windows, is also more monstrous than elegant. I may mention that the building of this Hotel was one of the causes of Mr Ralston, the former manager of the Bank of California, bringing both himself and that great establishment to grief—the vast sum required to complete it having, with his other ventures, completely overtaxed his resources.

There is a curious propensity in men who have become rich in the States to build Hotels. The late Mr A. T. Stewart owned one of the large Hotels at Saratoga. The Palmer House, the Sherman House, and some other large Hotels in Chicago, are named after their wealthy owners. The Lick House at San Francisco was built by Mr Lick, who died and was buried with much pomp while I was in San Francisco—the Pioneers, those who lived in California before 1850, having walked in procession to do him honour. The Lick House is less pretentious but more profitable than the Palace Hotel. It is understood, indeed, that the second and third class houses are more lucrative than the first. At almost all the Hotels I have named the charge when I was in America for the best rooms was \$5 or slightly less than £1, a day,

which included all the attendance, except a fee to the porter who hands out your baggage on leaving. But there are Hotels at all rates down from \$5 to \$1 a day, or even \$5 per week. The rates charged at the different Hotels and the style of accommodation given in return are of such interest to many thousands of people that there is published at Chicago the *Daily National Hotel Reporter*, giving special Hotel information.

It should be further explained that the rate paid per day at any American Hotel—except those announced as being conducted on the European plan—includes every meal and everything on the bill of fare at every meal you choose to order except wines or liquors, which, as I have said, are seldom tasted except at the bars. In the best Hotels there is almost always some meal on the table. The hours generally are :—Breakfast, from 7 to 11 o'clock ; lunch, from 1 to 2 ; early dinner, from 2 to 4 ; late dinner, from 5 to 8 ; tea, from 6 to 9 ; supper, from 9 to 12. Children and nurses have separate hours and rooms. If your appetite would hold out you could eat all the time without extra charge, and, to show what there is to eat, I quote one or two of the ordinary Bills of

Fare just as they were handed to me at the table :—

BREAKFAST.		
Tomatoes.	Cantaloupes. BROILED.	Cucumbers.
Beefsteaks.	Calf's Liver.	Rashers of Pork.
Veal Cutlets.	English Breakfast Bacon.	Ham.
Mutton Chops.	Spring Chicken.	Mutton Kidney.
	FISH.	
Smoked Salmon.	Fresh Salmon.	Fresh Codfish.
Smoked Herrings.	Salt Mackerel.	Fresh Mackerel.
Codfish, with Cream.	Spanish Mackerel.	Filet of Sole.
	FRIED.	
Calf's Liver.	Veal Cutlets, Breaded.	Oysters.
Clams.		Fish Balls.
	STEWED.	
Oysters.	Kidneys.	Tripe.
Corn Beef, Hashed.		Chicken, Hashed.
	EGGS.	
	Boiled, Scrambled, Poached, Fried, Shirred.	
	Omelets, Plain, with Jelly, Parsley, Onions, Ham, Cheese, or a l'Espagnole.	
	COLD.	
	Pickled Lamb's Tongue.	
Beef.	Ham.	Tongue.
Lamb.	Chicken.	Turkey.
	POTATOES.	
Boiled.	Stewed.	Fried.
Baked.	BREAD, ETC.	Lyonnaise.
Hot Wheat Rolls.	Hot Dipped Toast.	Cracked Wheat.
Hot Graham Rolls.	Cream Toast.	Hominy.
Hot Corn Bread.	Milk Toast.	Samp.
Rice Muffins.	Dry Toast.	Maple Syrup.
Boston Brown Bread.	White Cakes.	Sugar Loaf Syrup.
	Irish Oatmeal.	
LUNCH.		
	Fruits.	
Beef Steak.	Consomme Soup.	Broiled Fish.
	Mutton Chops.	
	COLD MEATS.	
Roast Beef.	Ham.	Beef Tongue.
Corned Beef.	Sardines.	Lamb.
Pickled Lambs' Tongues.		Salad.
	POTATOES.	
Fried, Long Branch Style.	Baked.	Stewed, with Cream.
Tomatoes.	Cucumbers.	Green Peppers.
Wheaten Grits.	Hominy.	Oatmeal.
	With Milk.	
	BREAD.	
French.	Twist.	Graham and Boston Brown Bread.
Plain.	Cream, Buttered and Dry Toast.	
Assorted Cakes.		Ice Cream.
Black Tea.	Green Tea.	Chocolate.
		Coffee.
DINNER.		
	SOUP.	
Mock Turtle.		Printanier.
	FISH.	
Boiled Salmon, Hollandaise Sauce.		Filet de Sole, à la Colbert.
	Potatoes à la Duchesse.	

BOILED.		ROAST.		
Leg of Mutton and Capers.			Ribs of Beef.	
Corned Beef and New Cabbage.			Chicken, Stuffed	
Turkey, Parsley Sauce.			Turkey.	
Beef Tongue.		Ham Glacé, Champagne Sauce.		
		Lamb, Mint Sauce.		
		Goose, Apple Sauce.		
COLD DISHES.				
Boned Capon.	Chicken.	Lamb.	Turkey.	Lettuce.
Lobster Salad.	Lobster, Plain.	Beef.	Mutton.	Chicken Salad.
	Mayonnaise of Salmon.			
ENTREES.				
Filet of Beef piqué, à la Windsor.				
Giblet of Tame Duck, à la Bourguignonne.				
Small Patties of Chicken, à la l'Imperatrice.				
Soft Shell Crabs Fried.				
Escalope of Veal, Vienna Style.				
Woodcock Sauté, au fumet de gibier.				
Pancakes à la Dauphine.				
VEGETABLES.				
Boiled Potatoes.	Boiled Sweet Potatoes.			
Mashed Potatoes.	Succotash.			Pickled Beets.
Stewed Tomatoes.	New Beets.			Boiled Rice.
Lima Beans.	New Squash.			Onions.
	Green Corn.			
PASTRY AND CONFECTIONERY.				
Plain Rice Pudding.		Frozen Nesselrode Pudding.		
Green Apple Pie.	Plum Pie.	Champagne Jelly.		
Petits Fours.	Charlotte Russe, à la Chantilly.	Confectionery.		
DESSERT.				
Apples.	Grapes.	California Pears.		
Walnuts.	Peaches.	Watermelon.		
Punch à la Montana.	Pecan Nuts.	Raisins.		
	Almonds.	Coffee.		
	Napolitaine Ice Cream.			
SUPPER.				
Oolong Tea.	English Breakfast Tea.			Green Tea.
	Coffee.			
	Cake and Fruit.			
Plain Bread.	Brown Bread.	Biscuit.		Dip Toast.
Dry Toast.	Graham Bread.	Cracked Wheat.		
	Griddle Cakes.	Indian Pudding		
COLD MEATS.				
Roast Beef.	Corned Beef.	Chipped Beef.		
Smoked Tongue.	Lamb's Tongue.	Ham.	Chickens.	
	HOT DISHES.	Baked Beans.		
	Oysters—			
	Stewed.			
	BROILED.			
Beef Steak.	Mutton Chops.	Fried.		
Whitefish.	Salt Mackerel.	Ham.		Bacon.
	EGGS.			
Fried.	Omelette.			
	POTATOES.			
Fried.				
		Lyonnaise.		

An Englishman when he first arrives is apt to be a good deal bewildered by such a choice of

dishes, and the fact of his being a stranger is demonstrated by the small choice he makes and the narrow limits of his order. An American, "native to the manner born," makes himself the centre of a hemisphere of small dishes containing dainty specimens of a considerable variety of the meats and vegetables. The only fault of the system is that after the soup all the dishes, except the dessert, are brought on the table at the same time, so that some of them are sure to be half-cold before you arrive at them. On the whole, however, this is preferable to the French method of serving you with innumerable infinitesimal doses, which sometimes leave you more hungry at the end than at the beginning of the repast. After being two or three months in America one learns to order a dinner with coolness and to eat it with deliberation. Except at railway stations, I saw none of the bolting of food which was formerly said to be universal—at the late dinners, in fact, time seemed to be no object, and the enjoyment of the meal the sole concern. It is an interesting spectacle to see one of the large and splendid dining-rooms of a first-class American Hotel, with two or three hundred well-dressed people of all nationalities and

peculiarities taking the principal meal of the day. At some of them there are dances once or twice a week, but I did not attend any of these. I may wind up these notes on American Hotels by appending an amusing advertisement which was appearing regularly in the *Oregonian** when I was at Portland, in Oregon.

* THOMPSON'S 2-BIT HOUSE.

NO DECEPTION THERE. HI YU MUCK-A-MUCK AND HERE'S YOUR BILL OF FARE.

THREE KINDS OF MEAT FOR DINNER: also for Breakfast and Supper. Ham and Eggs every other day, with plenty of hot tea and coffee for dinner, water if you call for it, with fresh rolls and cakes in abundance. Now's your time to get the rinkles out of your bellies after the hard winter.

BOARD AND LODGING, PER WEEK, \$5 00; BOARD, \$4 00; DAY, \$1 00.

N.B.—Having started a Labor Exchange, I request the owners of Fisheries, Sawmills, Bosses in Logging Camps, and Farmers in want of hands; old Farmers, Ranchers, and Batches, in want of wives and housekeepers, to send me word by post or otherwise, and I will try to supply their wants. No pay required.

RETURN FROM NEW YORK.

I left New York on Wednesday, 1st November, in the *Scythia*, one of most favourite steam vessels of the Cunard Line. We had a full complement of first-class passengers—more than could be seated at table in the saloon. My state cabin companion was a Member of Parliament just returning from Philadelphia, who was very agreeable. In the saloon my lines fell in a particularly pleasant place, in the midst of a number of handsome women and well-informed and witty men—travelled Americans of the best type, who were coming over to enjoy the milder climate of Southern Europe, and avoid the rigours of their own in the Eastern States. The gentleman who sat opposite to me sometimes said more really good things during a single dinner than one sees in an ordinary comic paper in twelve months. He had a rare faculty in giving a happy turn to whatever was said, and was never monotonous or wearisome. I had many interesting talks during the passage with a gentleman learned in the law—a member of a firm of solicitors of the highest standing in New

York—who I found to be a Presbyterian, evangelical in doctrine, but liberal and progressive in matters of form. I also made the acquaintance of a gentleman “with a guid Scotch tongue in his head,” of whom I had repeatedly heard in New York, Chicago, and San Francisco, as we had been travelling nearly over the same ground, but never met until on board the *Scythia*. On the 2d and 3rd—November although it was—we were all oppressed with heat. The next five days we had a favourable breeze, and were calculating on a quick passage, when the wind came almost right ahead, and blowing first half and then a whole gale from the North-East. It was grand to experience a gale on the Atlantic without any sense of danger, although we were all pleased that the first light on the Irish Coast was struck just when expected, on the tenth night after leaving. It blew too hard for the steamer to call in at Queenstown, and the Irish passengers were taken on to Liverpool. While steaming up the Irish Channel we had a fine view of the bold coast of North Wales. We entered the Mersey at dusk, and cast anchor off Liverpool about six o'clock. I don't know with whom the fault was, but the landing and extrication of the passengers' luggage must have

given a very bad impression to those Americans who were visiting England for the first time. For nearly three hours the great majority of the passengers were searching for their own amongst hundreds of trunks and packages in a cold dark shed, and with the aid of only about half-a-dozen common lanterns. I charitably attributed all the disorder and discomfort to the new landing stage not having been completed, and hope that explanation was correct. With this exception I landed with a high opinion of all the arrangements of the Cunard Company. Their ships are splendidly built, engined, and officered, and their almost marvellous exemption from casualties will always cause them to be resorted to by the timid and fearful, who prefer safety to all other considerations.

THE COMMON SCHOOL SYSTEM.

The grand fuser of heterogenous races in America—the centre round which all its institutions revolve—the security for its permanent peacefulness, welfare, and progress—is the Common School. In every village in the United States the School-house is the largest, most costly, and most conspicuous building. The sects have their different churches or meeting-houses, and these are often very neat and creditable erections, but the community concentrates its funds on the Public School. Here the sons and daughters of the rich and poor meet together. Here the same classes are open to all, and the only distinctions recognised are those which attend superior diligence and mental endowment. It is here that the American youth are instructed, so as to be able not only to read and write and reckon, but also to understand, to think, and to reason. It is here that the less gifted majority learn to respect the intellectual power and accomplishments of the more gifted minority. It is here that the masses learn to see the necessity of order, discipline,

and government, and to become a law-abiding people. Schools in America are common in the sense that they are supported by the community for the common benefit. The funds required are supplied by the State : the individual parent pays neither school fees, nor even for books, paper, pens, or pencils. There is no reason why the child of the poorest man in the place, if he has the brains and the application, should not be the head scholar in the school. I visited some of the primary, secondary, and Normal Schools, as also one of the Universities, and I look to these as being the truest guarantees for the endurance and prosperity of the Commonwealth. The New England States have always been as pre-eminent in education, in relation to the other States, as Scotland has been to England and Ireland, and their example is now being emulated throughout the Union. The great slaveholding States were strongly opposed to the Common School system, but with the disappearance of slavery that opposition has disappeared. Wherever there is a bad cause—either civil or religious—there is a dislike of public schools. Now that slavery is at an end, it is reported that “ In Mississippi the opposition manifested toward the Public School system is steadily

diminishing, the idea of popular education to be more and more favourably entertained, and the free schools to be now receiving very general support." The great reason for keeping one section of the people in ignorance no longer exists, and it is felt to be in the interest of all that the beneficent light of learning should be enjoyed by all.

I have before me the last Report of the Commissioner of Education for the year 1874—the latest published. It is quite an Encyclopædia of information respecting education, not only in the United States, but all other countries. I learn from it the remarkable fact that the expenditure for public education in the States is not far from \$100,000,000, or £20,000,000. In the United Kingdom all our Education Department spends on public education is estimated at £4,000,000. In the majority of the States the school age is reckoned from five or six to twenty-one. In point of fact, young men and young women attend schools—not perhaps regularly, but at intervals—until they are much older than with us. Any pupil who can pass the required examinations is entitled to a complete secondary, Normal School, or College course. Nor do those parents who do not avail themselves of the advantage of this for

their children object to it because they do not directly participate in it, since it is recognised that "The function of the higher grades of public schools is entirely misunderstood if it is thought that the benefits conferred are only for those who are taught in them. The institution of learning, reared and conducted at the public expense, imparts culture not only to those who enter its walls, but also to those outside, yet subject to its influence." As showing how general education is in the States, I may mention, while the whole population in 1874 between six and sixteen years of age was 10,536,647, there were 8,099,981 enrolled in the public schools. There were nearly a quarter of a million of public school teachers—87,395 male and 129,049 female. The permanent school fund amounted to £15,000,000, and the value of the sites, buildings, and other school property was about £33,000,000. The salaries of the teachers were close upon £10,000,000. In New York the expenditure per head of average attendance in the schools was about £4 a-year, and in Massachusetts, Connecticut, Maryland, Nebraska, Rhode Island, and New Jersey between £3 and £4 a-year.

It would repay any members of our School

Boards who have leisure to visit New York and Boston if for no other purpose than to examine carefully the working of the school system in those representative cities. I was sorry that I could not devote more time to minute inquiries and investigations, but I visited the splendid Normal School recently erected in New York, and also one of the large City Schools. In the Visitors' Book I found frequent entries of the name of William Wood, a native of Fife, and student at St Andrews in the year 1814, who is for a second term the President of the Board of Education in New York. It is curious to note that under a system of democratic election there is in the appointment of the members of the School Board of New York a system of aristocratic nomination. They are all nominated by the Mayor of the City as Commissioners of the Department of Public Instruction. The expense and turmoil of a public election is saved, while the Mayor, being directly responsible to public opinion as expressed through the constituents who elect the Council, endeavours to find the best qualified men, and those who will be most attentive to the discharge of the duties. Much, of course, depends upon the head of the Board, and a more enlightened, faithful, and energetic head could not be found.

than Mr Wood, who, educated himself at a Scotch University, and for many years a merchant of high standing in New York, combines admirable mental and business capacities. The vast population of this City owes a debt of gratitude to such a man for devoting his whole time to the direction and control of the education of its youth. His colleagues in the Board have been appointed in a manner evincing the desire of the Mayor to secure an efficient and active superintendence of the schools.

There are four cardinal points in the American school system as exemplified in New York :—

1. That provision shall be made by the State for the thorough instruction of every child of school age in useful knowledge without the payment of school fees by the parents.

2. That it shall not be lawful to employ uninstructed children.

3. That all instruction in the public schools shall be unsectarian.

4. That the teachers themselves shall be well-taught, and that every intelligent pupil may qualify in the State Normal Schools and become a teacher.

I may quote the following sections from various

Acts of the People of the State of New York bearing upon these points :—

SECTION 1. All parents and those who have the care of children shall instruct them, or cause them to be instructed, in spelling, reading, writing, English grammar, geography, and arithmetic. And every parent, guardian, or other person having control and charge of any child between the ages of eight and fourteen years, shall cause such child to attend some public or private day school at least fourteen weeks in each year, eight weeks at least of which attendance shall be consecutive, or to be instructed regularly at home at least fourteen weeks in each year in spelling, reading, writing, English grammar, geography, and arithmetic, unless the physical or mental condition of the child is such as to render such attendance or instruction inexpedient or impracticable.

§ 2. No child under the age of fourteen years shall be employed by any person to labour in any business whatever during the school hours of any school day of the school term of the Public School in the school district or the city where such child is, unless such child shall have attended some public or private day school where instruction was given by a teacher qualified to instruct in spelling, reading, writing, geography, English grammar, and arithmetic, or shall have been regularly instructed at home in said branches by some person qualified to instruct in the same, at least fourteen weeks of the fifty-two weeks next preceding any and every year in which such child shall be employed.

§18. No school shall be entitled to or receive any portion of the school moneys in which the religious doctrines or tenets of any particular Christian or other religious sect shall be taught, inculcated, or practised, or in which any book or books, containing compositions favourable or prejudicial to the particular doctrines or tenets of any particular Christian or other religious sect, or which shall teach the doctrines or tenets of any other religious sect, or which shall refuse to permit the visits and examinations provided for in this Act. But nothing herein contained shall authorise the Board of Education to exclude the Holy Scriptures, without note or comment, or any selections therefrom, from any of the schools provided for by this Act; but it shall not be competent for the said Board of Education to decide what version, if any, of the Holy Scriptures, without note or comment, shall be used in any of the schools: *Provided*, That nothing herein contained shall be so construed as to violate the rights of conscience, as secured by the Constitution of this State and of the United States.

In 1875 the City of New York spent nearly three-quarters of a million sterling on education. Of this sum about half a million went as salaries to teachers in the Normal College, the Grammar and Primary Schools, and to the officials of the Education Board. Between £60,000 and £70,000 were devoted to books, school supplies, gas, fuel, rents, and incidental

expenses. The repairs, alterations of buildings, furniture, heating apparatus, &c., cost about another £40,000. No less than £20,000 were given to schools conducted by benevolent associations; and upwards of £2,000 was spent on compulsory education and some other items. The supplying of books, paper, pencils, slates, &c., to the scholars is a feature of the American system not yet introduced into this country. Another peculiarity is the large preponderance of female teachers. Taking the day schools alone there were in 1875 :—

MALE TEACHERS.

56 Male Principals in Grammar Schools.

151 Male Vice-Principals and Assistants in
—— Grammar Schools.

207

FEMALE TEACHERS.

413 Female Assistants in Male Grammar
Schools.

45 Female Principals in Female Grammar
Schools.

482 Female Vice-Principals and Assistants in
Grammar Schools.

109 Female Principals in Primary Schools.

1255 Female Vice-Principals and Assistants in
—— Primary Schools and Departments.

2304

The proportion of female to male teachers in New York is thus more than ten to one. The salaries of the female teachers in the Primary Departments and Schools amount to nearly £200,000 ; in the female departments of Grammar Schools to nearly £100,000 ; and in the male departments of Grammar Schools to upwards of £60,000. The entire sum paid to the Male Principals, Vice-Principals, and Assistants in Grammar Schools was only about £80,000. The special aptitude and success of females in the vocation of teachers is distinctly recognised. In New York every young maiden is at liberty, if she chooses, to go from the Grammar School to the Normal School, which is really a Female College, and where in a three years' course she may be fully instructed not only in the knowledge, but in the art of teaching Latin, French or German, History, English Language, Literature, Composition, Music, Drawing, Geometry, Physics, Chemistry, Botany, and Astronomy. I was present at the morning assembly of upwards of a thousand of the female students at the Normal College, composed of girls and young women between the ages of fourteen and twenty—all entering the chapel two and two punctually at nine o'clock to the playing of a pianoforte.

Every movement was conducted here—as in the class-rooms—by a signal on a handbell. An anthem was sung, a chapter read, then a hymn followed, then several recitations were delivered with great self-possession and accuracy, and then all went out again to the strains of the piano. I next saw the gymnastic exercises, and went through several of the higher classes, and then into the primary schools, where the art of teaching is practised by the older scholars under the superintendence of regular teachers. Everything is arranged and conducted on a perfect system, and the Commissioners in their last Report—which is for the City of New York what that I previously quoted is for the whole of the United States—observe :—

There is a direct pecuniary gain to the taxpayers in providing that those who are taught without expense to themselves should be able to return somewhat of the advantage they have received to the common stock. But the moral advantage is still greater. Every pupil in a public school understands, from the moment of entering upon a course of instruction, that whatever else one may fail to know or be unable to do, the system provided by the State, if faithfully pursued, will equip one for an honourable and useful avocation. Such an idea, constantly present to the mind, has a useful disciplinary result. The observant and industrious pupil, under the

influence of this idea, employs the abundant facilities provided to the greatest advantage. And when the course of instruction is completed, and the pupil has become the teacher, it is believed that something besides a perfunctory discharge of duty to employers is attained, and that a consciousness of benefits reciprocated produces increased interest in the work and greater success in its accomplishment. Teachers thus trained enter upon the work with a sense of obligation to the State, with a knowledge of the advantages of the system in their personal experience, and with an understanding such as no stranger can have of the responsible task imposed upon them.

The primary and secondary schools in the United States seem to me, on the whole, better adapted to the general requirements of youth in America than are the similar schools in Scotland, and more particularly in England. But with one or two exceptions, like Harvard and Yale, the Universities are far inferior to ours. The New England Universities deserve their designation, but the name of Universities is a misnomer for many institutions so-called, which a University man rightly designated to me as "one-horse colleges." Each State aspires to have a University, which may be a laudable ambition, for in course of time most of the States will be quite able to maintain one; but there have been too

many well-intentioned but misguided men anxious to perpetuate their names as founders of Universities which are never likely to be anything more than local Colleges. It is impossible for two, three, or even four Professors to teach, as they are expected to do in some of these institutions, the whole round of universal knowledge. The excessive multiplication of Colleges in connection with different religious sects is also generally lamented by the most intelligent members and ministers of the different Churches, who, while they do not object to separate theological teaching, think it would be much better if the general course of studies were the same for all as in the large and ancient Universities in Europe.

AMERICAN CHURCHES AND PREACHERS.

In the religious aspects of America there are especially notable—

1. The architectural evidences that Christian liberality, without State endowments, may be relied upon to erect and maintain places of Christian worship.

2. The readiness of ministers and people of all Protestant sects to co-operate in all Christian effort: the comparative absence of exclusive sectarian pretensions.

3. The livelier and more interesting character of the religious services.

4. The more modern and direct style of preaching.

Take cities like New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and Chicago, and my impression certainly is that the churches in them are not only more numerous, but more handsome in their exteriors, as well as more spacious and convenient in the interiors, than in our corresponding centres of Glasgow, Liverpool, Manchester, and Birmingham. There is one Presbyterian church

in New York which cost no less than \$1,600,000, or about £200,000—the site alone having cost £60,000. It was built at a most expensive time, but it was probably easier to obtain a million dollars then than it would be half-a-million now. This church is fully as long as the East church in Dundee, but considerably wider and loftier, and will accommodate half as many more people. All the seats at the sides and end down stairs are gently raised, while in the gallery they are so graded that the persons in one pew in no way obstruct the view of those behind them. Every one has a distinct view of the minister, and also of almost the entire church. Not only are the pews most comfortably cushioned, but both them and the endless passages and lobbies are handsomely carpeted. The acoustic properties are excellent—the preacher, without straining his voice, is heard easily in all parts of the building.

American Churches excel those in this country in the excellent arrangement made for the week-night services, Bible classes, Sunday schools, and social meetings. Some twenty years ago the practice was to have large rooms for these in the basement stories, but now they are generally placed in the rear of the main building.

Each church has a large room neatly seated, cushioned, and carpeted for week-night services and social meetings—generally large enough to hold from 300 to 400 or 500 persons—with several smaller rooms as class or committee rooms. There is also generally a minister's room, which he uses either as a study or to receive inquirers.

Dr Jenkins' new church at Montreal, and Mr Gordon's at Ottawa in Canada, Mr Munro Gibson's at Chicago, and Dr Hall's in New York, are all of them not only fine specimens of ecclesiastical architecture, but also of admirable arrangement and equipment for congregational purposes. I only mention them because I went through them all. There are hundreds of others like them. One of the Trustees of the Second Presbyterian Church in Chicago—Mr Gibson's—in explaining to me the uses of the rooms annexed to that very fine church, said:—"Besides the usual week-night services and class meetings, we have what is called our Monthly Sociable. It is the duty of the office-bearers to take note of all new comers to the church, to invite them to these monthly social meetings, to introduce them to the members, make them acquainted with friends, and see whether there

are any of our classes or societies in which they can be useful. We have schools, and Bible classes, and missionary societies, and Dorcas societies. The ladies come and bring their sewing, and in this way every man or woman who is so disposed can find something to do." Most of the American churches are wrought on this plan. I found in several cases that the ministers devoted special attention to the Sunday schools. At Springfield, in Illinois, I found a Congregational minister conducting a children's service before the ordinary Sunday morning service, and at the end of it the younger children went home, while the older remained to join the congregational worship.

The absence of State connection with any of the Churches prevents any kind of assumption, by one denomination, of superiority over others. Each has to stand, and does stand, on its own merits. The ministers have no partition-wall set up between them. As an illustration of the effect of this, the first Sunday evening I was in New York I heard a young Episcopal clergyman, the son of the Rev. Dr Tyng, conducting a revival service in the Gospel Tent—a very large marquee or tabernacle, which had been used shortly before by Messrs Moody and Sankey. In

Boston, too, I heard a very eloquent Episcopalian preach to one of the largest and wealthiest congregations in the city, who, I am told, had taken part in Messrs Moody and Sankey's meetings. I was present at one of these gentlemen's mid-day meetings in Farnell Hall, in Chicago. Although it had been predicted that this city, on account of its business activity and devotion to the dollar, was the last and worst place where a mid-day audience could be expected to assemble, yet about 3000 people—members of all Protestant sects—regularly attended.

The religious services in America, although generally as long, are not so monotonous and somniferous as they often are in this country. There is more frequent and more melodious singing. It is not thought sinful to comply with the exhortations of the Psalmist : "Rejoice in the Lord, O ye righteous. Sing unto Him a new song; play skilfully with a loud noise. Praise Him with stringed instruments and organs."

I have never heard finer singing than in the second Presbyterian church in Chicago, and in Plymouth Congregational church, Brooklyn. At the former the congregation were first hushed to listen to the exquisite playing of an introductory

Voluntary on the Organ, which has a Vox Humana stop so perfect in its imitation of the human voice that I at first thought some invisible singer was singing a solo to the organ accompaniment; then followed a Sanctus by the quartett choir, consisting of two male voices—bass and tenor, and two female—soprano and alto; then a short prayer; then a chant—"O come and let us sing unto the Lord;" then a Psalm was read; then a prayer; then a chapter from the New Testament; then a hymn; then the sermon; followed by the collection, a hymn, and the benediction. This service seemed to me admirably broken up, so as never to be tedious or wearisome; when the choir sung alone the effect was as nearly angelic as one can expect to hear in this world; when the congregation joined in the hymns they did so heartily, singing with both the voice and the understanding. The same evening I attended another Presbyterian service, where with less culture and refinement there was quite as much variety, and where the organ and choir were scarcely less prominent. In some of the churches in New York they have a double quartett. At Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, in addition to a professional organist and quartett, there is a volun-

tary choir of about 100 singers, who lead the congregational singing with such life and heartiness as effectually prevents either droning or dozing. The attention paid to Church singing throughout America is exhibited in every pew, as a rule, being abundantly supplied with large Hymn Books, which have the music printed above the Hymns, like the large edition of the Hymns Ancient and Modern, or Church Hymns used by the Episcopalians in England.

Nor are the services alone more interesting : the same may also be said of the sermons. I did not hear one dull or tedious discourse in America. I admit that I went to hear the preachers of highest repute, but even they differed considerably from those who are equally distinguished in this country. The difference is in their being less clerical in their tone and manner and more human. There are many styles of preachers, but all are less professional—less addicted to the use of stereotyped phrases—more direct, homely, and practical than with us. They do not show so much of the scaffolding in the structure of their discourses, by announcing a regulation number of heads, sub-heads, lastly's, finally's, and in conclusion's. They also seem to model their sermons more after the style of

Christ's own sermons, instead of following, as ours commonly do, the epistolary style of St. Paul. They deal largely in anecdote and illustration. The Rev. Philip Brooks, the most eloquent Episcopal clergyman in Boston, preaches extempore, with a gush of language that makes it difficult often to seize the beauty and originality of his ideas. Dr Hall, one of the most popular Presbyterian preachers in New York, has not a whit of ministerial formalism about him, but addresses his audience just as a first-class pleader would a jury, or a great statesman a political assembly. I heard him preach from Heb. xi., 3d verse—"Through faith we understand that the worlds were framed by the word of God, so that things which are seen are not made of things which do appear"—and for upwards of an hour he transfixed the attention of the congregation as he showed that there is nothing whatever in the Pantheistic ideas of Tyndall, Huxley, and the evolutionists which were not anticipated long ago by Hindoo, Greek, and Latin philosophers and poets; as he logically exhibited the gaps and defects in their theories and assumptions; and as he illustrated that, with regard to all the great mysteries of life, we must, after all, walk not by sight but by

faith. Dr Hall, who came originally from Ireland, without any Hibernian flashiness of rhetoric, is one of the most forcible speakers to whom I ever listened. Although he preaches extempore—and certainly not by rote—he never hesitates for a word, and his diction is so accurate that every word might be printed as he utters it without any appearance of redundancy or tautology. Besides preaching to one of the largest and most educated congregations in New York, Dr Hall is also a regular contributor to the New York press, and his contributions display great breadth of view, sound discretion, good common sense, and a perfect familiarity with modern literature.

Of all the sermons I heard in America none impressed me more than one I heard in Chicago, by the Rev. Professor Jenkins, of Amherst College, Massachusetts—it seemed to me so admirably conceived and so well thought out in all its branches. His text was Matt. xvi., 26th verse—"What is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Although evidently a man of refinement and culture, it was not the manner but the thoughtfulness of his discourse which secured for it the closest attention. I reproduce, as far as I can, its

leading thoughts. He began by saying that the possession of a soul was the characteristic of man. An animal exhibited no sign of a soul. It might have a degree of intelligence, and even affection, and something indeed like conscience, but it had no soul; it showed no concern about a future life; it had an appetite for food, but no capacity for religion. The soul was the distinction of man, and Christ's ministry was a voice to the world on behalf of the soul. If ever any one was in the world who could best estimate the worth of the soul it was Christ, and the first lesson of the text was, a single human soul was worth more than the whole world. The question put in the text was one of profit and loss. If there was one thing that in these days engaged the attention, desires, and aspirations of men more than another it was—profit. In one way or another all were seeking profit, and never were there such enormous profits and losses as now. Yet the words of the text were as true now as when first spoken. Christ spoke for all time. He foresaw all that we see in the modern world—its splendid cities, its grand Exchanges, its fleets on all waters, its mines of wealth, indeed all the wealth of all ages, and He declared that a man's soul is worth more than it all. Nor was

He content with the mere declaration. He showed His value of the human soul by what He did for it. Words were cheap ; therefore He died that the souls of men might be saved. The second lesson of the text was—the soul may be lost. Everything a man has he has with the liability and the possibility of losing it. His money—there is no perfect insurance against the losing of money : it has wings and may fly away. Office, social standing, friends, health may be lost. A limb, speech, hearing, eyesight ; mental powers, imagination, memory, the ability to conceive ideas, conscience, self-control—everything a man has may be lost. But, greatest and worst of all losses is the loss of the soul—the soul itself may be lost. This was the sum of all catastrophes, because (Third) of the impossibility of compensating for this loss. Other losses admitted of some compensation. What was lost by fire might be made up by insurance ; an artificial limb might supply the place of one that had been amputated ; the loss of one faculty often led to the quickening of the susceptibilities and enjoyment of others ; if health gave way, friends would be more kind and more attentive—almost every loss admitted of some partial compensation ; but it was otherwise with the

soul, which, if lost, was wholly lost. What, then, was the evidence that the soul was not lost? It was, that it could feel what was invisible. If an arm will not do the work of an arm, it is lost; if a mental faculty will not act, it is lost; and if the soul will not do the work it is designed to do, it is lost. A soul should feel sin as the body feels pain; it should hunger and thirst after righteousness as the body hungers and thirsts for food and drink. If it does not, then it is lost, for it has ceased to do the work of the soul. Christ likened the loss of the soul to a lost sheep—it was lost, not slain; to a lost coin—it was lost, not destroyed; to a lost son—who was lost, not dead. So long as there was life there was hope of the recovery of the lost soul. This was a man coming to himself—finding again the dormant powers of his soul. He had known a distinguished man, an eminent judge, smitten with paralysis—for a time quite a wreck—one of whose hands long appeared to be helpless, but sensibility and power began to return. Day after day, and month after month, that great man practised with a dumb-bell, till first one finger, and then another finger and another began to move, and feel, and be useful again; and at last the whole hand moved, and felt, and

handled as before. After the same fashion a lost mental power had been known to return and become active again; and so after the same fashion a lost soul might again begin to feel after God, and be conscious of sin and awake to righteousness. Did any there fear that their souls were lost?—let them, like the paralytic judge or the weakly invalid seek propitious circumstances and motives to bring the soul into action again. Above all, let them seek Divine help, remembering that the mission of Christ was that of a Saviour who came to seek and to save the lost. There was not a man or woman in that congregation whose souls need be lost. If their souls were lost, it was because they mistook the values of things, and had not sufficiently pondered the questions—“What is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?” These are very imperfect notes of a remarkably calm, reflective, impassioned, and pointed discourse.

Of course I went to hear the preacher in America who has probably more than any other influenced the style of preaching in that country by the freshness, vigour, and homeliness of his discourses—Henry Ward Beecher. The

crowds to hear him in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, during the latter weeks of the Centennial Exhibition were so large, and so many were disappointed hearing him, that in the beginning of October a circular was issued, requesting the ordinary congregation kindly to give up their seats entirely to strangers during the whole of that month, which they agreed to do. I went on a rainy, stormy night, but the building—which, although large, is very plain, and not at all æsthetic in its arrangements—was quite filled both in the seats and aisles. After the fine organ voluntary, choral service, and congregational singing, to which I have previously referred, Mr Beecher, who is a broad set, florid, healthy-looking man, with bright eyes and white hair, and who spoke from a platform decorated with shrubs and flowers, preached from the words (Rom. xii. 11) “Fervent in spirit.” He said the Apostle wished it to be understood that it was not enough to have right feeling, but that their feelings ought to glow ; that it was well to have faith, but that it should be a burning faith. There was a great difference in the warmth of life. Who was there that had not sometimes lived more in an hour, in the intensity of a higher life, than a whole year of ordinary hum-

drum existence ? It was especially necessary for all who were engaged in God's work, and particularly for the preachers of the Gospel, to be fervent in spirit. It would not do to be merely receptive, learned, scholarly men. Ministers as a class were a studious, sincere, upright, conscientious, diligent body of men ; why, then, was there so little result from their preaching ? Was it not because they were content with calm, cold reasoning ; with giving instruction ; with trying to convince the understanding ? The fault of their preaching was that they did not preach in earnest—their hearts were not on fire. It needs a soul on fire to kindle a flame in dead hearts. Many things would not solve till heated, and the richest metals commonly needed the greatest heat to melt them. A cold message would never warm the human heart. They had hundreds of instructive ministers who went on preaching for years discourses on which they bestowed great labour, and that would be excellent discourses, except that they produce no effect. A revivalist comes round, and the churches are filled, and the membership is greatly increased, and they feel it as a reproach that he should accomplish with perhaps much ruder means what they failed to achieve. Why

is this? Why, they are like a man who wants to kindle a fire, and he brings a hundred cords of wood, and goes on adding one cord to another, expecting to get some heat, but he might go on for ever unless some one came with a spark and set the wood on fire. There are many very good men and very good ministers, but they have no flue to their stoves, no draught to their chimneys. Oh, that we had tongues of flame! This is the want of the pulpit. Its learning is admirable; its occupants are sincere, devoted men; they give themselves steadfastly to their work, but there is a want of fire in their preaching, of consuming zeal, of enthusiasm, of fervency of spirit in what they do. Nothing wins in this world like sweetness of spirit allied to enthusiastic Divine fire in the soul. What is it that controls a child like a mother's sweetness: it is to him as the opening of heaven; he sees through her eyes the golden Kingdom of God. In the fervour of a mother's love the child knows no doubt and feels no fear. So with the mass of mankind there is no power equal to the fervour of a noble nature. Doubts may be removed, dogmas be taught, questions may be argued and set at rest, and still you may have a cold, and poor, and barren faith. Preach as it should be

preached the love of Christ—that love which blessed little children, pitied the harlot, and promised Paradise to the dying thief; speak of the intensity of the Divine love of Jesus Christ, and the cold formality of the pulpit and the pews will soon disappear. There is a necessity for more enthusiasm in the Christian world. Away with cold, subtle, metaphysical preaching; have faith in the Divine power of the love of Christ and then all things are ours. “For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.”

Notwithstanding all that Mr Beecher has recently passed through, I saw no sign either of mental or physical exhaustion in his preaching, which was singularly fresh and forcible.

From the interest taken on this side of the Atlantic in Plymouth Church, I may mention that it was organised in June 1847. Henry Ward Beecher commenced his ministry, preaching his first sermon as pastor, the 10th of October 1847. There were twenty-one persons constituting the church, three of whom survive, and are still members of the church. During

Mr Beecher's pastorate some 4000 persons have united with the church, and the present membership is about 2500. Deaths and removals number some 1500. The largest number entering the church in any year was 350, during an extensive revival in 1858. Revivals occurred in 1848-52-55-57-58-62-65, and 66, since which there has been no religious interest or excitement characterised as a revival, yet there have been large accessions to the church, averaging about 140 per year. The house in which Mr Beecher preaches will, when crowded, contain 3200. It is rare that every seat is not occupied; and, as a rule, in good weather many that come are unable to obtain admittance. There are some six or seven hundred free sittings, and sittings not occupied (by those who hire them) ten minutes before the hour of service are filled by the ushers with strangers waiting at the door. The pews are all owned by the society, and are rented at auction at the commencement of each year to the highest bidder. The annual rental is about \$14,000. The annual expenses of the home establishment are some \$9000, which are met by the revenue from the pews. Curiosity prompted eight young men to count the number of people who endeavoured to get into the church the second Sabbath in October.

They counted between 3,400 and 3,500 men, and between 3,100 and 3,200 women—stopping the count at the hour of service, though the people were still coming. Seven thousand persons must have presented themselves for admission, nearly 4,000 more than could stand within the doors. The church sustains two missions in the neighbourhood. The annual cost of these missions is about \$3,000, and the cost of mission buildings, &c., was about \$25,000. Connected with the missions and Plymouth church the Sunday schools have about 3,000 teachers and scholars. Twenty-one stated public collections for benevolent objects are taken every year, and in addition there are special collections. Some \$30,000 were contributed last year by the church and society, in addition to the regular sums for pew rents and benevolences alluded to previously. Not long since one of the families of the church contributed \$60,000 to one of the Universities. One of the members of the church recently deceased, though contributing largely during his whole life to the various benevolent objects, made provision in his will for bequests amounting to more than \$40,000. Mr Beecher is certainly a powerful preacher, and has a most attached and active congregation, testifying to the success of his ministry.

We sometimes hear or read of Shakers, Free Lovers, and Spiritualists, and their numbers and doings are magnified until we are alarmed lest a pure and simple Christianity be entirely overpowered by the vagaries of the ignorant, or the vices of the immoral taking to themselves the garb of some new religion. But a traveller in America, unless he goes out of his way to discover these eccentricities—just as one leaves the main line of the Pacific Railway to see the Mormons at Salt Lake City—will probably never meet a Shaker, a Free Lover, or a Spiritualist. In a country where religious belief is so unfettered, and in a population made up of representatives and descendants of so many different nationalities, and not a few of them rejoicing in new-found liberty of thought, there is sure to be a great fermentation of ideas, and far be it from me to say that the froth and the scum which rises to the surface in the first stages of that fermentation are anything better than froth and scum. But if we have any reliance in the natural order of events, we may have confidence that the minds of a free and thinking people, who are chiefly of the same race, and largely predominated by the same Christian principles as ourselves, will neither lapse into imbecility,

infidelity, or indecency. Weeds are often most rank in a newly turned soil, and there are some weeds that may not be soon or easily extirpated from American life. But America is a Christian land. The Cross is everywhere the symbol of its faith. The Church-going bell is everywhere heard. The Gospel is everywhere preached. Men and women there have the same needs, the same struggles, bereavements, and griefs, as are common to all in this world. Hence we may be assured of the permanent ascendancy of that faith which, beginning with the Genesis of all things from God, offers to the weakest and worst of sinners a Divine Saviour, and ends with an Apocalypse of everlasting blessedness.

ASPECTS OF LIFE IN AMERICA.

Few persons on this side of the Atlantic have any conception of American distances, and one advantage of crossing over from the Atlantic to the Pacific Coast is in being enabled better to realise what those distances are. For instance, a careful calculator tells me that if I had travelled the same distances in the Eastern Hemisphere, my journey from New York to Montreal corresponded to the distance between Dundee and London. From Montreal to Detroit equalled a journey from London to Berlin, *via* Paris and Frankfort. From Detroit to Chicago and Indianapolis, and through Illinois to St Louis, would have taken me from Berlin to Vienna, Belgrade, Bucharest, and Constantinople. From St Louis by Denver and Cheyenne to Ogden would have carried me on from Constantinople in a straight line to Astrabad, in Persia. From Ogden to San Francisco would have led on from Astrabad to Kandahar, in Affghanistan. From San Francisco to Portland, British Columbia, and back, would have taken me to Calcutta. And from San Francisco

to Chicago, Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Boston, and New York would have carried me to Canton, in China, and on to the Pacific about half way between Hong-Kong and the Sandwich Islands. If to that I add twice crossing the Atlantic, the first crossing would have landed me at San Francisco, and the second brought me to St John's, Newfoundland—so that excepting the distance between St John's and Liverpool I might have travelled round the world.

One or two other illustrations may be given of American distances. From Calais to St Petersburg or Constantinople as the crow flies is only as far as from New York to Denver. From London to Sebastopol is only as far as from Chicago to San Francisco. From Gibraltar to Mecca is only as far as from San Francisco to New York. The State of California alone would hold the whole of Great Britain and Ireland and half as much more inside of it. The State of Texas alone is more than double the size of the United Kingdom. There are three States and six Territories averaging a considerably larger extent than that of the United Kingdom ; there are four other States—Florida, Georgia, Illinois, and Michigan—as large as England and Wales ; and there are four—Indiana, Kentucky,

Maine, and South Carolina—as large as Ireland. The largest Lake in this country—Loch Lomond—has only an area of 45 square miles, while Lake Erie has close on 10,000 square miles; Michigan, 22,400; Huron, 24,000; and Superior, 32,000. According to the last census returns there were in Great Britain and Ireland 16,000 miles of railway, and in the United States 75,000 miles, while the number of square miles of land to each mile of railway was only 8 in the United Kingdom, and 50 in the United States. The entire area of the United Kingdom is 119,924 square miles, and of the United States 3,603,844; while the population per square mile is 265 in the former, and only 11 in the latter. The total population of the United States is about 10,000,000 more than that of the United Kingdom; and, while the States have almost as many large cities—New York corresponding to London, Philadelphia to Birmingham, Baltimore to Newcastle, Boston to Liverpool, St Louis to Manchester, Chicago to Glasgow, and so on—the agricultural population is relatively very sparse. The distance between the Eastern and Western Cities is, speaking roundly, 2000 miles, and then you are only one-third of the way on to the West Coast.

Hence it is not surprising that the sense of greatness—the mere physical greatness of his country—is strong upon every American, just as every Briton rejoices in the consciousness that small as may be his island home the sun never sets on its Colonies and Dominions. America is so great that, comparatively, few Americans have ever gone over the length or breadth of it. The Atlantic steamers bring over thousands to Europe who have never crossed over to California, and far more Americans travel in Switzerland and Palestine than cross the Rocky Mountains and Sierra Nevadas; while more go up the Nile than the Columbia River. Yet the Americans in America travel more and much farther than any other people. It is astonishing how full their trains always are. The Centennial Exhibition caused more travelling this year than usual, but far beyond its range—in Illinois and Kansas and Colorado—I was surprised to see ladies travelling alone or with children for hundreds of miles merely to pay friendly visits. Enter a common car in the summer time, and all the women and children are not merely neatly but elegantly dressed in light muslins and prints or close fitting “dusters.” Good humour and quietness prevail throughout the carriages, which

are of great length, and open throughout, while the passengers are at liberty to move at pleasure from one carriage to another to discover friends or make acquaintances in any part of the train. They are not locked up in moving prison cells, such as the compartments in our carriages are. On most of the Eastern lines there are Hotel Cars, where excellent meals can be obtained at moderate charges, and eaten at leisure, without the feeling of hurry inseparable from meals at railway stations. The conductors are generally very attentive. Newspapers, books, and fruit can be obtained from an attendant who goes with the train, and at night the sleeping cars enable you to rest with comfort. The Americans are a travelling people, and travelling has become a more practical science with them than with us. We go by express trains to make our misery in travelling as short as possible. The Americans are so comfortable in their trains that they are content to travel slower. Their river and coasting steamboats are also equipped with every arrangement for luxurious comfort. They are large floating hotels, with all the conveniences of hotel life—some of them having state cabins for several hundreds of passengers.

Life in America wears a different aspect from

ours from the mere difference in the atmosphere. Day after day and week after week there is scarcely a cloud in the sky. The sun rises clear in the east, shines all day with dazzling brightness, and sets in the west just as it rose. The weather is rarely spoken of, because there is so little change in it. It is bright, and it is hot, indisposing to much physical exertion; and, as the morning is the coolest part of the day, everybody rises early. The houses, churches, and public buildings in small towns and villages are almost invariably painted white, to throw off the heat. The shop windows are protected by permanent awnings or verandahs, which keep off the sun in summer and the rain or snow in winter. The climate is more like that of the south of France or Germany than ours. In the south it is still hotter, and I fancied in St Louis and Missouri that many of the people had quite a Spanish or Italian look, from living in a similar climate. I confess that, on the whole, I would rather have our dusky skies, our white fleecy clouds, and our ever varied sunsets, than the monotonous brightness of an American summer. The hymn-writer who sings of heaven as having an

“Eternal, high, unclouded noon,”

did not know how welcome a few clouds would sometimes be. The heat of summer is debilitating, and, in many States, when winter comes, the cold is so extreme that people cannot take the exercise necessary to reinvigorate them. It has been said, and I believe truly, that there is no country where people can walk out with comfort so many days in the year as our own.

The vocal surroundings in America are also very different from our own. The brightness of the sky is fraught with a glorious oppressiveness, but the indescribable chirruping of innumerable crickets and locusts which accompanies you wherever you go, whether in the country or neighbourhood of the towns, was fretfully wearisome to me, so different is the sound to the melody of our own sweet song birds. The sparrow has been introduced into some of the New England States, and the meadow lark affords some relief, but it would be a great addition to the pleasure of life in America if the thrush and the blackbird, and our other song birds, could be generally introduced on the Western Continent.

Domestic life differs from ours in consequence of the difficulty of procuring domestic servants, and the very high wages which have to be paid.

The cost of keeping up grounds is such that town houses are either built entirely without or with very small plots of land round them, and these often not in good order. Inside the houses in the country the mistress and daughters are pretty sure to do all the work, although they may be comparatively wealthy people. In the large towns there will be only one or two servants in houses where in England you would expect to see three times as many. I have very seldom seen more than one waiter at a private dinner, although there might be a considerable party. Affluence in America can scarcely provide the same attendance as in England. The difficulty of getting washing done at home is favouring the establishment of Chinese laundries in almost every town in America. John Chinaman seems, if I may be permitted the Bull, to be a born washerwoman, and he is now doing most of the washing, starching, and ironing in America, and it also looks as if he would soon do all the kitchen and house work as well. In the Eastern Hotels—in New York, Philadelphia, and Chicago—the waiters are generally negroes, as also in the Palace Hotel in San Francisco. But the Chinese abound both in the hotels and private houses in California and Oregon, and they are gradually

making their way eastward. They are very clean, active, and to a certain point reliable; but I confess that after having had them about me for some time it was quite a pleasure to be waited upon again by fair-complexioned young women of our own race in Nebraska and Iowa. There seems less repulsion between the Anglo-Saxon and the negro than the Chinaman, who may be a servant but never seems disposed to become a friend: he will fulfil to the letter his contract for pay, but will not form the slightest personal attachment to his employer. Yet it is possible that in course of time America may assimilate the Chinese. I heard of one Chinaman—a good-looking fellow—who had persuaded a white girl to marry him, not however until he had complied with her stipulation that he should cut off his pig-tail, after which no Chinaman will ever return to China, as he practically excommunicates himself from all the rights and privileges, as well as all the rites and ceremonies, of China and Chinese worship. When a Chinaman in a country town in Oregon was told of this the first question he asked was: “Had white girl’s father much money?” and when answered, “Yes, a good deal,” his next inquiry was, “Has Chinaman taken out his naturalisation papers?”

showing that the idea of becoming naturalised Americans is taking possession of the minds of the Chinese in America. The presence of the negroes, the Chinese, and the Indians is one of the social as well as the civil difficulties of America, and we may be thankful that we have not to contend with it.

Partly arising from the climate, the clearness of the atmosphere, the prevalence of heat in summer and frost in winter, and partly from the activity of all business movements—all life seems to be more electric, more rapid, and more intense than with us. It is certain that men work longer and harder—both professional men and working-men—on the other side of the Atlantic than on this. There is no “regulation stroke” there, no attempt to restrict the product of any man’s hands, and every man, who is not a loafer, or a victim of whisky, seems to do his very utmost. The workman is more highly paid, he has more money in his pocket, and he spends it more freely. He eats and wears what he would never think of eating and wearing here, his wife and children are dressed as they never would be here, but he works longer hours, and puts his hands to a greater variety of work, and turns much more out of his hands than he would

ever do here. The French working-men who were sent out as Delegates to the Centennial Exhibition reported, on returning to Paris, that they found American workmen the slaves and drudges of Capital. This they need not be, for every workman is in a sense his own master, but the probability is that if he starts business for himself, however hard he worked for another, he will work still harder on his own account. Hard work is the rule in America, and no man need go there and expect to prosper unless he is ready to do his very utmost, and certainly to do much more than even hard working-men do here. An American when he observes the commandment to keep holy the Sabbath-day does not forget that it says, "Six days shalt thou labour;" and he has very few holidays, and no Saint-Mondays. In some directions the average American has more enjoyments, but he has less leisure in his ordinary life than the average Englishman or Scotsman. He is always going at the very top of his speed, and taxing his strength to the highest point, with the result that he often breaks down. Notwithstanding their more abundant food and luxurious living, I sometimes thought there were more careworn, haggard, languid countenances amongst all

classes in America than in Europe. They are more restless, less willing to be satisfied with moderate competence, more intent on rapidly amassing wealth. Of course there are many exceptions to all this, but I speak in a round general way of the more obvious phases of American life. From the greatness of the country and the wonderful development of its requirements and resources, many can scarcely help themselves. They find their businesses grow at a rate beyond all their calculations and arrangements. They try to cope with it as it grows, but are always underhanded. From the fluctuating value of lands and mines—especially those producing gold and silver—from new discoveries like those of Petrolia and the Comstock Lode, the speculative element enters largely into American life, and wherever there is much speculation there is all the excitement, and often much of the desperation of gambling. These extraordinary phases are incident to the extraordinary circumstances of so new and great a country, and must be allowed for accordingly.

In estimating the relative conditions of American society I fear many are too apt to think that it is chiefly made up of men who became fugitives from our own shores and

those of Europe to escape the policeman and the judge ; and of adventurers like Boss Tweed, Jim Fisk, and others of the Tammany class. We always read in the newspapers much more of the evil that is in a country than the good ; but it is unjust to take its scoundrels, and those who have fled to it from Europe, as fair representatives of American life. They are as exceptional and as much detested and abhorred by the vast masses of intelligent and law-abiding people in America as our rogues and thieves are here. The time was when they were allowed too much license, but latterly there has been such a determined stand taken against them that commercial life is fast becoming as honest and upright as in this country. There are no judges now in New York in the pay of Tammany swindlers. One judge was impeached and broken ; another resigned in fear of the same fate ; and a third died of a broken heart. The judges in New York, I was assured, are now all men of the highest character and esteem. The judicial system of America will not be what it ought to be until all the judges are appointed for life or good behaviour, as are those of the Supreme Court of the United States, and public opinion is fast ripening in this direction.

Considering how many of the dangerous classes of Europe have landed in America it is marvellous how few, comparatively, and far between are the outbreaks of crime and violence in the States. It is a delusion to suppose that every man in America carries a bowie knife and a revolver. All the time I was in America, and even in San Francisco and Virginia City, I never saw either the one or the other. I never saw a single breach of the peace; I rarely heard an oath; and rarely saw a man worse of liquor. At the hotels you seldom see wine on the table, and if you do, it is almost always Englishmen or other foreigners that are drinking it. The drinking there is all done at the bar, and in hot weather it is chiefly of iced and ærated waters. The climate is such that drinkers of spirits—those who tipple and resort to “brandy cock-tails,” “gin slings,” “eye-openers,” and other such drinks—are on the highway to become drunkards, and a drunkard in America is socially as well as morally discredited. The crimes we hear or read of in America are almost invariably attributable to excessive drinking of rum or whisky—to that temporary insanity which comes from a man putting into his mouth that which steals away his brains.

Orderliness, not rowdyism, is the most conspicuous feature of American life. There is more of French method than of French gesticulation, more of German calmness than of German hilarity, more of Scotch caution than of the *perfidum Scotorum*, more of English reserve than of English dash, in the manners, customs, and speech of the American people. In places of public entertainment, in the streets, at railway stations, and in steamboats, everything is conducted more after Continental systems for securing order and quietness than our haphazard way of everybody crushing and squeezing as if nobody had a chance, otherwise, of obtaining a seat or a place. As a people, too, the Americans are quiet and reticent rather than noisy and intrusive. In the Far West you still come upon specimens of men who wish to know everything about you and your business, but generally you are as untroubled with inquisitiveness as in your own country. Everywhere, too, pleasant, intelligent, and well-informed people are to be found, who, rightly approached, will give you all the information you desire from them. I have been struck over and over again with the reasonableness, the fairness, and considerateness of the majority of the men with whom I entered

into conversation. The average American is not a bragging, boastful, blustering fellow, who exaggerates the praises of everything in his own country, and the faults of every other, but who will candidly admit the defects incident to the youthfulness of America, and the advantages consequent on the long-established order of things in the Old World.

There is one curious characteristic of American speech which I have never heard noticed. All through the Middle States—from Massachusetts and Maryland to Oregon and California—the dialect is remarkably even and level, with very little perceptible difference—far less than between that of Aberdeen and Dundee, or Edinburgh and Glasgow. It is more that of the educated Scotchman than of the Southern Englishman; several times, indeed, I asked whether persons with whom I conversed were not Scotchmen, but found they were born Americans.

The composite character of American life is very striking. It seems to me to derive its main strength from the German, Scotch, and Scandinavian elements, and these predominate so largely that we need have no fear of the future stability of American institutions. A

large number of newspapers are published in the German and Scandinavian languages, and the Germans—while differing in their views of Sabbath observance, being much more addicted to amusements, and substituting lager beer for whisky—are, like the Scotch and Scandinavians, almost invariably industrious, saving, well-conducted people. The Scotch and their descendants in America, as in every other part of the world, by their thrift and perseverance generally rise to the top of any department of business or enterprise in which they are engaged. The future destiny of America is being moulded by the same class of men and minds as is now governing Europe, the greater part of Asia, and indeed the greater part of the civilised world. We must remember that, compared with the millions of the American people, the disreputable men who land annually in New York are a very small class, and not a few of them, there is reason to believe, desire to take a new departure, and lead a better life.

I have spoken of the climatic, domestic, civic, educational, and religious aspects of American life. I should not be a faithful witness to what I saw and heard if I did not testify before I close to the most obvious defect of the Republic

as it now exists—the exasperation of political excitement consequent on the dependence of the office-holders in almost all public appointments on the party in power. The doctrine that the spoils of office belong to the majority is not confined to the United States, but it is carried there to absurd lengths, in the appointment of State Judges, Prosecuting Attorneys, Secretaries and Clerks in public offices, Postmasters, and Custom-house Officers. The battle between the “In’s” and the “Outs,” which with us is limited to a comparatively small class, extends there to hundreds of thousands, and as the Presidential election comes round every four years, and the agitation begins months, and sometimes years, before the election, the country is kept in prolonged electioneering turmoil. So many offices depend upon the result of the elections that electioneering is made a business, and politics are reduced to a trade. The sum spent by both parties on the recent Presidential election—to say nothing of the expenditure of time—must have been enormous. Night after night in every town in the country there were torchlight parades and processions, and one which I saw in New York was said to have had in it upwards of 50,000 men, with innumerable vehicles, ban-

ners, and illuminations. It is said that all who hold office under a party are regularly assessed towards the payment of the party expenses in the election : those who are in office pay in the hope that they will retain their offices : those who are expecting office pay in the hope of their expectations being fulfilled. Tons of what are called "campaign documents" are issued by the Committees of the two parties and sown broadcast over the country. Too many of the newspapers are employed in blackening the characters of the men of the party to which they are opposed, with the general result that public life is made odious to all sensitive and self-respecting minds. In travelling through the States I found that intelligent Americans were all agreed that the judiciary, legal, and civil service appointments should all be made independent of political party ; that only men of proved competence and integrity should receive the appointments, and that having received them they should hold them for life or good behaviour. The scandals at Washington under General Grant's administration, while wholly evil in themselves, have done much good in fixing public attention on the necessity for civil service reform, and it is only a question of time when that reform will

be effected. There is an opportunity for a strong American statesman immortalising himself by removing from American politics that trading element which has done so much to degrade and demoralise them.

To the special difficulties arising from the continual importation of so many aliens in birth, and in political and social ideas, I have already adverted. In order to attract immigration full political rights and privileges are conferred on foreigners after a brief residence in the country, and it is to gain the votes of these, by appealing to their prejudices, hatreds, and weaknesses, that demagogues who aspire to, and designing men who have gained, political office have too often endeavoured to arouse national jealousies. As, however, the population of native Americans steadily increases, the influx of strangers is becoming less and less considerable in proportion to the whole body of the American people, who may be regarded as eminently reasonable, peace-loving, and law-abiding. It should also be remembered that if many have fled to America who were unworthy of the Old World, thousands have gone to it of whom it may be said the Old World was not worthy—men who were resolved rather to sacrifice all they pos-

sessed than submit to the yokes of civil and religious bondage imposed in our own country in the days of our forefathers, and in some countries in Europe even in our own day. More heroic lives than those of many of the Pilgrim Fathers—grander examples of physical endurance, moral courage, and religious enthusiasm, the modern world has not seen. If we have the traditions of our great struggles and achievements in securing personal and political liberty, and above all liberty of conscience—so, too, the Americans have theirs. If it warms the blood and accelerates the heart-beating of a Scotchman to hear the names of Bruce and of Wallace, of Knox and of Chalmers; or of an Englishman to hear those of Hampden and of Cromwell, of Wycliffe and of Cranmer; so does it with an American to hear of Washington and of Franklin, of Penn and of Lincoln. Calamitous to individuals as was the recent Civil War, it has left memories which will long assist to elevate and purify the influences of American life. Although the direct political issues were for some time complicated and disguised, the instinct of our Lancashire operatives was right. The main question from the beginning, and all through, was that which was openly avowed and proclaimed in the end—

whether the Union was to be maintained in the interests of freedom or of slavery. The New Englanders more especially seized upon that, and resolved to do battle for that all along, and nothing touched me more during my visit to the States than the long list of names sculptured on the marble tablets in the transept of that magnificent Memorial Hall in Harvard University, at Cambridge, Massachusetts—the names of hundreds of young students, the sons of ministers of religion, physicians, merchants, wealthy landed proprietors, and others beloved by their parents, and having every comfort and luxury at home—who went forth at the call of duty, and bled and died for what they believed to be the cause of freedom, when, if content to surrender the poor and despised negro, they might have remained at their ease. Although a young country, America has already not a few pages in its history of which the Americans may be justly proud. They also inherit and rejoice in sentiments which cannot but have an ennobling effect on every noble nature. They are proud of being free citizens of so great a country, and notwithstanding the sectional interests and jealousies that undoubtedly exist, and which some politicians and

writers are always endeavouring to excite and inflame—just as some misguided politicians and writers in Ireland are always endeavouring to do with respect to England and Scotland—we may rely upon it that the vast majority of Americans in all parts of the States are resolved that the United States shall never be disunited—that the greatest Republic the world has ever seen shall not be made less. Another sentiment which swells the breast of every enlightened American is that every man can worship God according to his own conscience, and neither in law nor in fact has any sect or denomination rights or privileges not possessed by all. Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Methodists, Congregationalists, Baptists, are all on the same footing, without any superior dignity, precedence, legal or traditional prerogative, and with the result that there is a degree of harmony and co-operation amongst them which cannot possibly exist when one sect is raised by the law on a pedestal above every other sect. It is the conviction of the immense value of perfect religious equality which makes intelligent men of all the Protestant denominations in the States so resolute that their grand system of national education shall not, by being made denominational, hand over the funds of the people to the ad-

ministration of priests. The reading of the Bible without note or comment in the public schools is generally accepted as a satisfactory solution of the religious difficulty; and one result of the schoolmaster not being expected to teach religious doctrines, creeds, or catechisms is that the ministers are not only expected to, but generally do, give more attention to the youth of their flocks than is customary in this country, in attending Sunday schools, conducting Bible classes, and holding children's services.

In travelling through America I heard much less "bunkum" and "spread-eagleism" than I had been led to expect. The older the country becomes the less of juvenile boastfulness there is likely to be. The more the Institutions of the United States become consolidated, the readier are the American people to recognise the defects in their own government and the merits of others. While I heard several very thoughtful men admit that the present system of government of the Republic is still on its trial, I did not find one who believed that a Monarchy will ever take the place of the Republic. As a loyal subject of Her Majesty, it was most gratifying to me to hear all classes of Americans, in ocean steamboats, on the Atlantic and Pacific,

in railway cars, travelling through the plains of Kansas and Nebraska, in private houses and hotels in California and Oregon, as well as in the Eastern States, speaking in the warmest terms of admiration of our beloved Queen—of her spotless life, her rare discretion, and her illustrious example.

And this leads me to conclude with a thought suggested by what every voyager across the Atlantic is likely to hear and see before he lands at New York. On the Sabbath morning the ship's bells ring to worship in the saloon, when the sense of common danger and humble dependence on the Almighty Ruler of the waves, which a journey over the pathless waters commonly excites, brings together a large attendance of the passengers and crew, and causes a very hearty joining in the service of prayer and praise. The Chaplain is the Captain of the ship, who reads the form of Common Prayer with the manliness and earnestness that characterise a sailor. In the prayer for the Queen the President of the United States is also mentioned, and supplicated for along with her as an object of the Divine favour. Then as the vessel approaches the American coast, and the flags are hoisted, the Union Jack goes up to the foremast head,

and the Stars and Stripes at the mizen. The sight of these flags thus combined is enough to warm the hearts of every Briton and every American, and I fervidly hope that their being thus hoisted together on board our ocean steamers will become more and more a signal to the world of a sincere, intimate, and inseparable alliance between the British and American peoples. The Americans are deeply attached to their flag, which floats over all their City and State buildings. They are proud of their Cities, of their States, and of their Nation. Let us not grudge their pride, for they have much to be proud of; let us rather be proud of them and theirs—for are they not our offspring, and the offspring of the spirit, the institutions, and the faith carried by them and their forefathers from our own shores? After travelling so many thousands of miles across the American Continent, seeing its wonderful cities, with their splendid edifices, thriving industries, and busy populations; after mixing amongst all classes of its people, in their houses, in the streets, in the churches, on railways and in steamboats, in public assemblies, and on the desert plains and lonely hillsides, I have come home with the conviction that in heart and soul we are really

one people, and of one kindred and tongue; with the feeling that any conflict between us would be fratricidal, and that there can be no greater crime than for any man wantonly to set himself to misrepresent, malign, or vilify either section of the Anglo-Saxon race. It was too long the custom of our English writers to air their wit at the expense of the peculiarities incident to the youth of a people. Happily, under the influence of an excellent system of education, many of those peculiarities are rapidly disappearing. There are still differences in manners, customs, and phraseology, but things may be different without being wrong, and in some things we may learn from the Americans, as in others they may learn from us. Believing as I do that of all political calamities the greatest would be any serious misunderstanding, any chronic bitterness—not to say any outbreak of hostilities—between us, it is my firm resolve so long as I live to do all in my power to promote peace and goodwill between Great Britain and the United States. I believe that such will be the resolution of every candid and unprejudiced man who may, like myself, have the advantage of spending some time across the Atlantic. The more we know of each other

the more we shall respect each other. Prejudice is generally the child of ignorance, and if Britons travelled more in America such prejudices as they have against Americans would give place to regard and admiration. Let it be our part to foster a generous emulation between the intellect, the genius, the enterprise, the munificence, and the moral heroism of all English-speaking peoples, and especially between all who dwell in our own long-favoured islands, and those who breathe the exhilarating air, and bask in the sunshine of that vast, newly repopulated, and comparatively undeveloped Western Continent.

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